

# THE LIVING AGE.

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Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents

ON THE IRISHMEN EXECUTED  
IN DUBLIN.

Pray every man in his abode,  
And let the church bells toll,  
For those who did not know the road  
But only saw the goal.

Let there be weeping in the land,  
And charity of mind,  
For those who did not understand  
Because their love was blind.

Their errant schemes that we condemn  
All perished at a touch;  
But much should be forgiven them  
Because they lovèd much.

Let no harsh tongue applaud their fate,  
Or their clean names decry—  
The men who had not strength to wait,  
But only strength to die.

Come all ye to their Requiem,  
Who gave all men can give:  
And be ye slow to follow them,  
And hasty to forgive.

And let each man in his abode  
Pray for each dead man's soul,  
Of those who did not know the road,  
But only saw the goal.

*Albert C. White.*  
The New Witness.

## BALLAD OF MY LADY.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my lady,  
my lady,  
And every little part of you is lovely  
to behold,  
Your wrists are fit for bangles and your  
neck for precious stones,  
But your little slender fingers are too  
slim to carry gold.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my  
lady, my lady,  
But a crown is far too weighty for  
your graceful little head,  
And heavy robes of purple silk and stif-  
fened gold brocade  
Would drag your fragile shoulders  
down as tho' they were of lead.

Oh! you are fashioned daintily, my  
lady, my lady,  
Too daintily to rule the land and  
bear the cares of State,  
Methinks you will grow tired in a little  
span of years  
And wish your old life back again,  
when wishing is too late.  
*Madeleine C. Munday.*  
The Bookman.

## AFFINITY.

You and I have found the secret way,  
None can bar our love or say us nay:  
All the world may stare and never know  
You and I are twined together so.

You and I for all his vaunted width  
Know the giant Space is but a myth;  
Over miles and miles of pure deceit  
You and I have found our lips can meet.

You and I have laughed the leagues  
apart  
In the soft delight of heart to heart.  
If there's a gulf to meet or limit set,  
You and I have never found it yet.

You and I have trod the backward way  
To the happy heart of yesterday,  
To the love we felt in ages past.  
You and I have found it still to last.

You and I have found the joy had birth  
In the angel childhood of the earth,  
Hid within the heart of man and maid.  
You and I of Time are not afraid.

You and I can mock his fabied wing,  
For a kiss is an immortal thing.  
And the throb wherein those old lips met  
Is a living music in us yet.

*A. E.*

## ACROSS THE HILLS.

Who in the wild hills strays,  
These late October days,  
A gift receives  
Upon his shoulders laid—  
A cloak of rich brocade  
(Yet all unwoven)  
the maple leaves.  
*From the Japanese.*

## TWO YEARS OF AERIAL WAR.

## I.

The aeroplane, when the war came, had no military history. It went into this conflict as an instrument that was new and untried. Neither the men who flew, nor those in command who controlled their flights, had any experience of this new warfare which they were to wage in the air. In a week or so, said some, those aeroplanes which had not been brought down by artillery would have succumbed to the wear-and-tear of war; while aviators who survived gunfire would become nervous wrecks through the mere strain of war flying, and the entire air service be rendered impotent.

And yet what, as a matter of fact, did happen? It was this. Though none of the combatants had an air-fleet that was in the least adequate, and though the organization and equipment were completely experimental, the flying services were able to show, and this in the very earliest phase of the war, that they could exercise an influence that was far-reaching on the progress of even such a vast campaign.

First, as the armies mobilized and concentrated, and then began to approach each other, there was a period of strategical scouting by air, during which pilots flew hundreds of miles in non-stop flights, penetrating deep into hostile territory, and gaining news of the enemy's dispositions which it would have been impossible to secure by any other means. No cavalry could check them, and no artillery either and they made nothing of hills, rivers, forests, or other earthly barriers. There was the work, for instance, which must become historic, of our own flying corps at Mons. In an hour or so, on the memorable evening of August 23d, 1914, they were able to confirm the gravity of the tidings we had just

received from the French, and bring news from the air as to those masses of German troops, swiftly advancing on our front and on our flank, with which the enemy was seeking to envelop us.

It was the airmen, too, undeterred in their work by land fire—though here and there a craft was crippled, or a pilot wounded or perhaps killed—who located the positions of enemy troops, and helped the French to estimate the resistance they would encounter, prior to their bold dashes into Alsace and Lorraine. And, remembering that there were aircraft to help the enemy as well as the Allies—and highly efficient aircraft, too—it was the German flying service which revealed to its Staff that these early offensives of the French, though daring in their conception and serving their temporary purpose, were not made with any such weight of men as would enable them to be forced home.

On the eastern front, with vast distances to be traversed, and with the land difficult generally to scout over, and dangerous often to alight on, valuable work was none the less done. Russian aviators, making gallant flights of reconnaissance during the advance into East Prussia, facilitated not only the rapidity but the certainty of this movement; while the German pilots on their part, handling machines which were excellent for long-distance flying, gave their Headquarters, as is obvious, a very clear warning of this menace.

But here, as elsewhere, the airmen could only observe; they could not act. They could not, that is to say, bring troops through the air, and at high speed, to any given spot, though they will be able to do so in the future, and with far-reaching effects upon strategy. It is not sufficient in war, though it is

very useful, merely to see an enemy advancing. What you must be able to do is to check his advance; and this means that you must have men and artillery in the right places, and at the right time, and also in sufficient numbers. It was, for example, the rapid advance of the Russians into East Prussia, an advance more rapid than the Germans had reckoned on, which gave the Russians their initial success. The Germans had warning of the movement, both by air and other means; it was not in itself a surprise. But, even so, it was some time before they could check it.

And the situation was similar, in a sense, on the western front. In the German advance, immediately it was known they intended to violate the neutrality of Belgium, there was little doubt as to where their main blow would fall. They sought, in fact, little concealment. Great cavalry screens, such as they had used in 1870, to mask the lines on which they were concentrating, would have availed them nothing, indeed, against aircraft. So what they did was to drive on swiftly, trusting to speed and to numbers rather than to surprise. And the problem for the French, who had to modify their concentrations at the last moment, so as to make their principal effort to the west instead of to the east, was not so much to observe these advancing hosts—though all the news that came from the air was, of course, extremely useful—as to mass troops in sufficient time, and in sufficient numbers, to stem the tide. And as events proved the Germans were, as they had intended to be, in superior force at all points where their heaviest blows were struck.

## II.

As soon as the armies met, and a vast weight of artillery was in action, the value stood revealed of artillery control by aeroplane; and it was the Germans

who first showed conclusively, thanks to their test work before the war, how an aerial observer, signaling down to his gunners below, could increase to a marked extent the accuracy of shell-fire. So damaging to us, indeed, grew this air-directed fire, and so unable at first were the land guns to cope with it, that we had to send up aeroplanes to fight and drive off the enemy observers; and this led to the first of those aerial duels, waged as a rule with revolvers or automatic pistols, to which Sir John French referred in an early dispatch.

And here, certainly, one should pay tribute to the foresight of those who, prior to the war, had developed our aeroplane service. We started too late; that may be granted. We built too few machines; that again is a fact. But what we did build, remembering the knowledge which then existed, and the data which were available, were substantially of the right kind—though more fast scouts would have been decidedly advantageous. A number of our machines were, however, speedier generally than those employed by the Germans, and they could manœuvre more rapidly. And these aircraft, flown with an exceptional skill and daring by our aviators, to whose efforts we owed, indeed, more than to the machines, enabled us to win so large a percentage of contests that we gained, in the air space above our own front, a quite undoubted superiority.

Aviation had not reached, when the war came, a stage in which the German genius for thoroughness and for reliability, for simplification and for standardization, could be exercised with such results as were obtained in other fields. It was still so undeveloped an art that the spirit most valuable was one of improvisation and of individuality. And here the German temperament—we are writing, of course, generally—was not seen to advantage.



Working on lines which were theoretically correct, the Germans built numbers of machines of certain given types; the aim being to obtain reliability, even if this spelled weight, and to render their machines as stable as possible when in the air, so that the least demand should be made on the skill and endurance of the pilot, and that he should be able to fly when necessary, and without any great fatigue, in high and boisterous winds. These ideas were good, and the machines themselves admirable. But the Germans bought their reliability and their stability very largely at the expense of speed and of rapidity in manœuvring. As for the Allies, and here again one writes generally, they had built their machines from a different point of view. Their craft were lighter, employing of necessity lower engine-power. More demands were made on the skill of the pilot, his machine having less natural stability, and requiring therefore a greater dexterity in control. And here it should be stated, though the question is one purely of technique, that the shaping and placing of the wings of a machine, in order to give it any large measure of automatic stability, tends as a rule and to some slight extent—at any rate with such knowledge as is now possessed—to render a craft slower in flight than one in which no such attempt is made. And so it was that the Allies, and more particularly the French, by contenting themselves with a lower factor of safety, and by striving less for inherent stability, provided themselves with machines which were more speedy generally, and more quickly manœuvred than those of the Germans.

It is very necessary, in the question of structural safety, to distinguish between aeroplanes built for ordinary peace flying and those used in war. In the early days, owing to the inexperience of designers and constructors, aeroplanes collapsed sometimes, when

in flight, through structural weakness. This led to a scientific research, and a very valuable one, as to the factors of safety which should be insisted on, in all parts of an aircraft, so as to ensure its withstanding not only the normal strains of flight, but such strains also as might arise from abnormal weather conditions, or might be due to the improper handling of machines by foolhardy pilots. The strains of normal flight can be estimated accurately; but there are abnormal strains, set up, say, by some very exceptional circumstances, which cannot be calculated so precisely. Machines were built therefore (designers and constructors wishing naturally to be on the safe side) which had a strength very appreciably greater than was needed for the ordinary conditions of flight.

But when one builds an aeroplane which shall be sufficiently strong to withstand all conceivable strains, normal and abnormal, probable and improbable, one has to pay the price for such security. In peace this price is worth paying; but in war such large margins of structural safety may be bought too dearly. One can only obtain high factors of safety, such factors as exceed all normal demands, at the expense of weight; and weight may spell a loss of efficiency that is serious, when judged from the purely military point of view. In a war machine one must have the utmost possible speed, the highest possible ascensional power, the greatest possible rapidity in manœuvring. These are vital; they must come first. They spell the difference between life or death for a pilot when he is subjected to land fire, or when attacked by hostile craft. But if he is given a machine to fly in which a very high factor of safety has been insisted on—one which might be admirable for peace flying—then the weight entailed will mean that his craft will fly less rapidly, and will manœuvre less quickly,

than would a machine of the same horse-power which had been built more lightly. Its capacity will be so much the less, also, in regard to the effective load it will carry, say, of bombs or of other warlike material. And so it is that in war flying these high factors of safety, remembering the drawbacks they entail, may not spell security for a pilot, as theoretically they should, but may actually increase his danger.

Piloting aeroplanes over an enemy's lines is, of course, essentially dangerous. The aviator runs risks far greater, through enemy gunfire, or the attacks of hostile craft, than that of any possible collapse while in flight of some portion of his machine. What he must have, as we have said, are speed and manœuvring power; and these must be given him to the maximum extent possible, having regard to the engine-power of his machine. High factors of structural safety, such as might be insisted on quite reasonably under normal conditions, are not the vital question here. The machine must be extremely well built, of course, and it must have reasonable factors of safety throughout; and here constructional skill, granted that it has been gained by experience, can do much without incurring weight. Controls may be duplicated, for example, without incurring any very great weight. And this means that, even if one set of wires is shot through, a pilot will still be able to bring his craft safely to earth. This question of duplicating controls is, indeed, a very important one. Machines will fly on with struts broken—even with main spars shot through. But if the pilot is robbed of his power of control, then he is completely helpless. But the need that is essential, that should never be lost sight of, is to have aircraft which will fly faster than those of the enemy, and which will out-manceuvre hostile machines when it comes to a question of

conflict. Aeroplanes with factors of safety many times greater than is needed in ordinary flying, are, provided one has nothing more to do than fly across country in times of peace, safe and excellent craft. But if pilots venture above an enemy's lines in such machines, they may be out-manceuvred, and shot down, by opponents flying craft which have been given less structural strength, and which are therefore in a sense so much the less safe, but which happen to fly appreciably faster. We have dealt fully with this point because there is a decided tendency—remembering that the craft designed are for use on active service and not in peace—to aim at factors of safety which are unnecessarily high, and which mean that less speed and ascensional power are obtained, with any given horse-power, than would be possible were machines built more lightly. It would be most unwise, of course, to attempt to depreciate the value of a high factor of safety. Under normal conditions it is most necessary. But some problematical breakage of a machine in flight, under abnormal strains which one may assume it is unlikely to undergo, is of less importance to a pilot, when he is above an enemy in war, than the knowledge that his machine is as fast, and preferably faster, than those of his opponents, and that he need not fear being out-flown when he meets an adversary in conflict. It is fair, for example, to make the following contrast: one might build an aeroplane so strong, structurally, and so well armored, that the safety of its occupants was almost ensured. Or one might take a foot-soldier on the land and give him a suit of armor so efficient that he would be protected from the enemy's fire. But, with your safe and armored aeroplane, in order to gain the security desired, you would have produced a craft that had lost its speed and its mobility; that

was inefficient, in a word, as a craft for use in war. And with the foot-soldier, also, if you loaded him with armor, he, too, would lose his mobility and his value as a fighting unit. The aviator and the soldier must be safeguarded, of course, in every reasonable way. But, remembering always that war is essentially perilous, this striving for safety must never impair efficiency.

It has been supposed, under a somewhat similar misapprehension, that there is a need to build military aeroplanes of an exceptional strength, so that they may be able to survive, for long periods if necessary, the rough handling they receive in war. But what was proved by this campaign, even in its first stages, was that it was undesirable to have machines which would withstand for any length of time the strains to which they were subjected—remembering, of course, that, to gain any such strength, meant burdening craft with the weight of a heavy form of construction. Satisfactory housing accommodation for aeroplanes, when the armies were in the field, it was impossible to provide; while no country had a sufficient number of skilled men at the front who could repair, and maintain the upkeep, of the machines which were in use. Such skilled men were, indeed, needed too urgently in the aeroplane factories to permit them to go into the field. And so it was found more expeditious, and cheaper in the end, to “scrap” aeroplanes, and obtain new ones, rather than disorganize production by bringing out men from the factories and asking them to repair machines in the field, under conditions which were unfavorable. It must be remembered also that, so far as the production of war aeroplanes was concerned, there was as yet no definite standardization. If an aeroplane was built staunchly enough to survive, say, a couple of months of war, that was sufficient. At the end of that time, if

it had not been damaged or destroyed, it would probably have become obsolete. It would, at any rate, have become inefficient or “flabby,” as a machine for use in war, though it might still remain serviceable for cross-country flying under peace conditions.

We have learned something, in this regard, from the motor-car industry. Some cars were so well built, in the early days, and with such a strength and choice of materials, that they were capable of lasting for many years. But, seeing that they became obsolete, owing to the quick march of progress, in not more than, say, a couple of years, such a constructional policy was—at any rate at that stage of development—scarcely to be considered reasonable. And with aeroplanes, and particularly with war aeroplanes, no such extremes of strength are required. It is not necessary to build machines to last a long time. They will only be in use until they are superseded by something better, and this will happen quickly.

It should not be assumed that the German military aeroplanes failed in their main purpose. What they had been built for was for scouting, for long, non-stop flights, even in high winds. And they fulfilled these purposes admirably. That they would prove less suitable for aerial fighting than the aircraft of the Allies, and that aerial fighting would play so important a part in the operations, were points it needed the experience of a great war to reveal. Experts contended, even just prior to the war, that aerial fighting would, at any rate for a long time to come, prove a negligible factor. It was argued that hostile air scouts, when on their respective tasks, would more or less ignore each other, and would avoid combats; and this largely because the fighting aeroplane seemed a craft very much of the future, and because it appeared that little harm could be done.

if scouting machines did fight, with weapons no more powerful than automatic pistols and revolvers. Aerial fighting when it came, and when it was persisted in so grimly, was indeed very much of a surprise. The determination of pilots, when range-finding for their artillery, brought about a situation which—provoking as it did aerial hostilities—had not been clearly foreseen; nor was it foreseen that huge armies would lie facing each other without movement month after month, with the aircraft during their flying brought into a daily conflict.

### III.

There grew up, with the beginning of the period of siege warfare, a general routine of war flying. Daily surveys were needed of the enemy's positions, during which his batteries had to be located, and his movements generally observed. Flights had to be made, too, far behind his front lines, so that the placings or shiftings might be detected of his reserves. Ammunition depôts needed to be located, also, while railway centers had to be watched so as to observe the bringing up of troops or supplies. Photography from the air was improved greatly, valuable pictures being taken to supplement visual observations. Wireless telegraphy was developed also, mainly in order that there might be greater facilities for a quick and accurate co-operation; in the control of gunfire, between an airman above and his gunners below.

Aerial fighting, seeing that the operations by air, as well as by land, became steadily more intensive, grew in frequency from day to day. The Germans, at a disadvantage at first with slow-flying machines, were quick to make use of those high-powered aero-engines which they had available immediately, thanks to their encouragement before the war of this particular industry, and of their successful adap-

tation of racing motor-car engines to the purpose of flight. Large biplanes were built for fighting; and such craft, even when carrying a pilot and two passengers, each of whom operated a machine-gun, could fly fast and climb rapidly. These fighting machines the Germans employed largely for patrolling the air above their own lines, seeking to check the penetration of enemy scouts, or to attack hostile machines which might be range-finding. They cruised usually at high altitudes, swooping down, whenever a chance offered itself, on enemy machines which were on reconnaissance; and which were, as a rule, by their need to make accurate observations, flying at a lower elevation.

One should make clear, here, the difference between a fighting machine and a craft for scouting. It is not possible at this stage of aviation, nor is it likely for some time to be possible, to produce any machine which is the ideal, or anywhere near the ideal, in say more than one attribute. It may fly fast; it may be very stable; it may carry heavy loads; it may be excellent for observation. But it cannot very well be all these things combined. In the Navy, for instance, there are Dreadnoughts, battle-cruisers, light cruisers, destroyers, torpedo-boats, and submarines. Each of these machines plays its distinctive part; and it would be impossible to combine, in any one vessel, all the qualities of these various craft. And the same argument applies to aviation. You must, for instance, have a machine for rapid scouting and for detailed scouting; several machines also for fighting; and another for bomb-dropping.

- We suffered losses, seeing that we persisted in our reconnaissance, through the action of the defensive craft employed by the Germans; and, owing also to the use by the enemy of small, high-speed, single-seated monoplanes,

in which the pilot operated a machine-gun. The method with these monoplanes—a method the Germans managed to advertise extensively—was to climb high, and then to make a dive over some enemy scout, swinging past as a rule just behind him, and pouring a stream of bullets into his machine. But the Germans should not be regarded as the originators of this form of aerial dueling, which was practised first, and with success, by both the British and the French.

The German tactics, and the German machines, were employed mainly as a defensive, and this in itself was significant. The enemy, indeed, though far from being driven from the air, and flying boldly on occasion, were not able to maintain—despite their efforts to make it appear they were operating offensively—any such high average of scouting flights, made from day to day and under varying conditions, as was the case with our own flying corps. The reason they could not do so was because they were attacked promptly, and with the utmost vigor, immediately they ventured behind our lines. And our pilots were so successful in these contests that the Germans found it evidently too costly—in view of the demands, on men and machines, that were entailed by the holding of such extended fronts—to persist in any such a reconnaissance as we were able to maintain.

And one should consider the personal factor, as represented by the temperaments of the opponents. The courage of the German aviators need not be doubted; they gave constant evidence of it. But apart from any question of courage, or of machines, or of luck, the British and French pilots were more suited temperamentally for aerial fighting than were their antagonists. They had a greater dash, a greater spirit, a greater natural adaptability to the conditions in which these duels were

fought. The German was brave, sound in his theory, often a fine pilot. But he lacked when in the air the inspiration, the intuitive seizing of the moment and of the method, the lightning grasp of an opportunity, which no teaching can provide, and which were revealed again and again by the British and the French.

But one should bear in mind, when considering the lack of initiative which was revealed often by German pilots, the fact that the German system of military training, so rigid in its discipline, tends without doubt to rob men of their individuality. This may not matter—it may indeed be an advantage—when a man is no more than a cog in a huge machine, carrying out his functions mechanically. But for handling aeroplanes in war, with the unexpected always happening, and particularly in aerial fighting, such an iron-bound routine is one of the worst preparations imaginable. In flying, personality must be developed, not repressed; though, of course, the military pilot must be amenable to discipline and must understand and respect the traditions of his service. The aviator, one must remember, is sent off on some task by an officer commanding who remains on land. Yet while the pilot is in the air and without an opportunity of consulting his superior and obtaining further instructions, circumstances may arise which change totally his plan of campaign. And the result is that he may need to make, entirely on his own initiative, a decision which is of critical importance.

#### IV.

When one determines the efficiency of a flying service, operating in a theatre of war, the question that needs to be asked is this: What volume of information, accurately obtained and carefully presented, does this service provide for its Headquarters Staff? In future wars the functions of the fly-



ing services will be widened. But in this war the chief task has been reconnaissance. And here, from the very beginning of the war, our air service has done consistently better work than that of the Germans.

In order to minimize a loss of scouting machines, when exposed to attack from faster craft, our course of action lay clear; it was to protect the scouts, when on reconnaissance, by means of an escort of fighting machines. But of such fighting machines there was, for some time, a serious lack. Whether this was inevitable in the circumstances, or whether it could have been remedied earlier, is a matter of controversy. All the facts which govern the case cannot as yet be examined in detail. But it should be remembered that the output of aircraft was affected prejudicially by the enormous demand for every other kind of war munition. Even with our great resources, there was at first and for a time a shortage of raw materials. It was only possible, for instance, to obtain limited quantities of certain metals, and these had to be used to the best advantage. Full supplies could not be obtained in all directions; and the situation was the same in regard to other materials, some of which were needed urgently for aircraft. Critics have reason on their side, however, when they say that, had we grasped more quickly the need for escorting our reconnaissance machines, we might have had more fighting craft, and had them sooner.

By degrees, certainly, we established and extended a system of escorts. But, even when given craft built specially for fighting, a service which works largely over the enemy's lines—as ours does—reaching these lines only after a flight from its own base, is at a disadvantage when compared with the service which is purely on the defensive. The fighting escort which accompanies its scouts must have fuel for an out-

and-return flight from its base, and must have a margin also for its journey while over the enemy's territory, and for any such contingency as a return flight in the teeth of a wind. It must, therefore, carry an appreciably heavier load—and dead weight in the air is always a disadvantage—than any machine which will need merely to operate defensively over a limited area. Such machines can, indeed, be stripped for speed; they need to carry only a minimum of petrol. And even if they run out of fuel, through cutting things too fine, they are over their own lines, and can descend without fear of capture; whereas our machines cannot afford to run any such risks. If they come to the end of their petrol, while over the German lines, and are too far away to glide back to safety, then there is nothing for them to do but to alight in enemy territory, with the consequence that their occupants may be shot as they are descending, or made prisoners when they land. They must carry, therefore, ample loads of fuel—sufficient to provide for all emergencies.

## V.

The power of the aeroplane has, from the beginning of the war, grown as an instrument of attack against land positions. Machines were only used in raids, at first, in twos and threes. They carried low-powered bombs, which fell more often than not with a random or faulty aim, and did small damage. The raids were little more, as a rule, than spectacular; intended to harass and to try the nerves, rather than to inflict material injury; though one must make an exception, naturally, in regard to the raids which were made by aeroplanes on Zeppelin sheds. Here, profiting by the fact that their target was unusually large and extremely vulnerable, airmen dropped bombs with very definite results.

When more aeroplanes became avail-

able, raids were organized in which there were employed perhaps forty or fifty craft. Bombs, also, grew not only in size and weight, but in their destructive power, and airmen grew more skilled in dropping them; while it was found possible to build special biplanes, large, weight-lifting machines, which were held in readiness in squadrons, and were equipped and regarded solely as bomb-dropping craft.

These machines have been able already to co-operate with the land forces, and to do so most effectually, when large offensives have been planned. Formed into squadrons, these bomb-dropping machines, flying in over the enemy and penetrating behind his lines, have dropped bombs on his railways and stations, wrecking buildings and bridges, tearing up permanent ways, and damaging trains as they stood on sidings—or even on occasion when they have been in motion. By such organized attacks by air, directed against points which have had strategic importance, the enemy has not only been harassed, but the transport of his troops has, more than once, been impeded definitely. And, in all such offensive work as this, the Allies have shown a superiority over the enemy which has been conspicuous and undeniable. Here we should repeat, perhaps, that we are dealing in this paper with aeroplanes, and not with airships. Zeppelin raids are, therefore, outside our purview.

## VI.

Command of the air, in the sense we use the term when we write of sea-power, has been impossible in this war, either for ourselves or the enemy. The flying corps have been too small, too weakly armed; while the *personnel* of the services has been entirely insufficient. The aviator, it should be remembered, the man who pilots the aeroplane, is only one figure in a large and important mechanism. There must

be skilled erectors, for instance; mechanics in large numbers, and of a high average of ability; stores departments in competent hands. And all this ground organization, all these men who do not fly are essential to the success of any air service. It cannot, indeed, operate regularly without them.

The air in the earliest stages of the war, while the armies were mobilizing, lay open to an unchecked reconnaissance. The aviators of the Allies did their scouting. So did those of the enemy. Occasional combats took place in the air. Occasionally, too, a machine was brought down by guns. But the net result was that both sides saw all that they wanted to see by air; or, rather, all that their limited services permitted them to see.

This was theoretically wrong. The whole theory of aerial warfare has been, and is, that one air fleet should obtain, at the beginning of a campaign, and by defeating decisively the main forces of its enemy, a clear and definite command of the air—the advantages of which would, in many ways, be almost inestimable. It would, for example, facilitate to an enormous extent the operations of land and sea forces, which could move without fear of aerial detection by the enemy, whose flying corps would, after the loss of a main engagement, be scattered and disorganized.

It might happen, of course, that one air fleet was so superior to another that the latter declined a main action, and lurked in hiding while it attempted to reduce the strength of its rival by isolated raids and a general scheme of guerilla warfare. Then we might have, in the air, a situation similar to that which we have seen, in this war, as regards the sea. One country might, that is to say, thanks to the size and power of its air fleet, hold a command of the air by force of its superiority, and without being challenged to a main, action by its enemies. But, even so,

the risks from hostile air raids, and the damage that might be done by them, would be a factor that would need most seriously to be reckoned with. A very complete defensive scheme, as well as one for an offensive, would, indeed, have to be prepared. A weaker enemy might, by way of the air, deliver raids far more damaging than would be possible by sea.

In this war it has been possible merely, and then only on occasion, to win and hold some temporary superiority. What has been attempted with success, notably by the Allies, has been to maintain for a time by constant fighting, when the need has been urgent, such a superiority in the air, over a limited area, as to prevent any enemy craft from entering it. The establishment of such an aerial screen, which is equivalent to the cavalry screens that are drawn on land, but is far more difficult to maintain, has been of the greatest possible use when important movements of troops have been in progress. An example occurs in the movement of our army from the Aisne to a position nearer the sea-coast. Here, for days beforehand, our airmen waged against the enemy a most relentless war, attacking and defeating, or driving away, by the persistence of their onslaughts, any scouting machines of the enemy which sought to cross our lines; and though such a sudden increase in an offensive has this disadvantage, that it may give the enemy a notion that something is on foot, there is a great difference between any such vague idea and a precise or actual knowledge.

It is extremely difficult, naturally, having regard to the vastness of the air space, and to the fact that enemy machines may creep in at a high or low altitude, and shielded perhaps by clouds, to render any such screen impenetrable. A hostile craft may slip through here and there. But, even if it

does, and its observer has a hasty glimpse, say, over a section of the lines below, he should be prevented certainly from making a detailed observation—and this by reason of the fact that, directly he is seen, he will be very promptly attacked. He will be lucky, in fact, as a rule, if he gets back to his own lines.

## VII.

There are certain facts and aims, now, which stand out more or less clearly. Speed in flight, for example, has been shown to be of supreme value; speed not only on the part of the air scout, which may enable him to escape enemy machines, and return safely to Headquarters with some vital piece of news, but speed also—granted it is allied to striking power—on the part of the fighting machine. Whether you go to deliver an attack, or to repel one, the time factor, and therefore the speed factor, is usually of extreme importance; and in the air, and particularly in the future, great distances may have to be traversed in reaching an objective, or in bringing an enemy to action.

But speed alone is not sufficient. It is not sufficient that the airman should out-manceuvre his antagonist, and be able to choose his moment and his method of attack. What he must have the means of doing, when he has reached the position of advantage, is to administer very quickly a destructive blow; to put his antagonist immediately out of action. And in this war, using at first rifles and revolvers, and then small machine-guns, airmen have had to work only with such weapons as have been devised for use on land; with weapons which, not being adapted specially to the warfare of the air, cannot effect a maximum of damage. With a machine-gun, for example, even when it pours a stream of bullets into an antagonist, a large percentage of these bullets, striking or puncturing planes, or passing through some yielding

and non-vital part of the machine, will be harmless in their effect. Only a very small area of the machine, that represented by the hull containing the pilot and his motor and his controlling gear, is really vulnerable; and so, simply because neither combatant has been able to inflict a vital injury on another, many of the combats of this war have proved inconclusive. What is needed, and what it is now sought with some success to provide, is a weapon more specialized for the conditions of aerial attack; a quick-firing weapon, light yet powerful, firing, for instance, small explosive shells instead of ordinary rifle ammunition; while the ideal projectile—concerning which one needs to write discreetly—is a small shell fused so sensitively (and yet resisting the shock of being fired, and of its swift passage through the air) that it will detonate, and prove destructive, even when in contact with such a yielding surface as an aeroplane wing.

The fighting aeroplane, a machine which is of extreme importance now, and which will be of even greater importance in the immediate future, presents a problem of complexity. It must raise heavy loads, and yet every pound of weight tells. It must be able to fly long distances without alighting, yet it must not lose speed, or a capacity for rapid climbing and manœuvring, because these may prove all-important when the moment of actual fighting comes.

The question is one of science in design, and of skill in construction, and of sufficient money with which to build experimental craft. The best results possible must be obtained from lifting-planes. The resistance must be reduced to a minimum which the machine itself offers to its own progress through the air; while in regard to engines, which will develop eventually many thousands of horse-power, there will be need to gain a maximum of power with a

minimum of weight, and to do this without loss of reliability, and then to transmit this power efficiently to the propellers, and to obtain from them the utmost in propulsive effect. And here there is a wide field for research, particularly in a reduction of the fuel consumption of motors.

Britain's task now lies before her. We have laid the foundation-stone, during this campaign, of an industry for the building of aircraft—an industry which scarcely existed before the war; and this industry is destined to become as important to us as, and eventually more important than, our ship-building industry. We must foster it in every possible way, both now and after the war. There is, indeed, one thing for us and one only—if we are to maintain our Empire, and guard our possessions in all the corners of the world. We must strive to gain and hold a command of the air. We have been shown, in this war, what command of the sea means to us. And in any great war of the future, command of the air will be vital to our very existence. Aircraft in this war, the destructive machines, have given no more idea of the size, or of the power, of the fighting machines of the future, than would a row-boat of an Atlantic liner. In the wars of the future it will be the great fighting aeroplanes, the machines for destroying hostile craft, or for laying waste land positions, which will be to the forefront. Scouts, of course, will have their value, but instead of being all-important and doing the principal work, they will play their part merely in the general scheme, as do the sea scouts of the Navy. Power in the air will be striking power, as it is on the sea or land. What we have been shown so far in this war, in raids made by craft which are purely experimental, and far too few in numbers, is merely in the nature of a warning. But the warning is there, and we should return thanks for the fact that it has been

given us, and for the fact also that we still have time, before we are struck vitally, in which to prepare ourselves.

Any nation which falls behind in the struggle for air power may, in years to come, be defeated in a campaign lasting not a year or a month or even a week, but as the result of a blow delivered and completed within a few hours. With aircraft flying, as they will, at speeds of 200 miles an hour and even more, it will be possible for an enemy, immediately on a declaration of war or without waiting for one, to strike in the course of an hour or so and with precision—using fleets of thousands of machines—against the very nerve centers and vital arteries of any opponent who is ill-prepared; destroying Government buildings, arsenals, factories, and railways, paralyzing all communications, and blotting out whole cities. The power of a perfected aeroplane, when in un-

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scrupulous hands, may in the future become so fearful as to appear almost superhuman. Pestilence may be spread by aeroplane; the inhabitants of great cities may be slain in thousands by poisonous or suffocating gases. Swift and pitiless may be the action of sea power. Far more swift, far more pitiless, will be the action, ultimately, of air power. Disaster awaits a nation which ignores these warnings—which refuses to read this writing that the war has written on the wall. Immediately this terrible conflict comes to an end, the moment that peace is declared, this country must set itself the task of creating and maintaining a great and efficient air service. We must never go to sleep again so far as the command of the air is concerned. We must never relax for one moment either our efforts or our vigilance.

Claude Grahame-White.

Harry Harper.

## THE HEROISM OF THE BELGIAN ARMY.

In the press of other military events occurring over an ever-widening scene during the last twenty months, the part played by the Belgian Army in the struggle of the first three months of the War has passed somewhat into oblivion. Yet they were the months that gave the War, however long it may last, its final character or impress by showing that the complete triumph upon which the Germans counted with so much confidence at the start was unobtainable. A Belgian officer, who writes under the name of Commandant Willy Breton, has devoted himself to the task of describing exactly what the Belgian Army did, after the fall of Liège, heroically defended by General Leman, allowed of the advance of the German hosts across Belgium. His narrative, based on official documents, the information of his brother officers, and his own ex-

perience, is remarkable for the restraint with which he describes events and leaves facts to speak for themselves. He studiously avoids the hyperbole of the official "Eye-Witness" or the Special Correspondent with which we have grown too familiar.

The following article claims to be nothing more than a *précis* of his two works, entitled respectively, *Les Pages de Gloire de l'Armée Belge* and *Un Régiment Belge en Campagne*.\* The former gives a comprehensive view of the campaign; the latter relates more especially to the feats of the Second Foot Chasseurs of Mons. The one is for serious students, the other appeals to a more general circle. In neither is any attempt made to deal with the defense of Liège or of Namur, the author devoting

\*Published by Berger-Levrault, of Paris and Nancy.



his attention almost exclusively to the operations of the Army in the field. Eventually, no doubt, there will be a Belgian official history of the war, but in the meantime Commandant Breton's volumes supply all the information that could reasonably be expected with the war still in progress.

The rôle assigned to the Belgian Army by its chiefs was to hold the region north of the Meuse until the Allied Armies of France and this country arrived to its aid. It will clear the ground to say at once that the proposed junction was never effected. With the exception of the three hurriedly prepared and hastily dispatched Naval Brigades sent to Antwerp in the first week of October, Belgian and British soldiers have not even yet fought side by side in the present war; until the Marine Division of Admiral R'onarch appeared about the same time at Ghent, the Belgian Field Army had not received any direct support from the French in the region north of the Meuse. The opening phases of the struggle relate exclusively to what the Belgian Army, under King Albert, accomplished alone. There can be no question of apportioning the praise, or of dividing the laurels until the French troops took up their place alongside it on the banks of the Yser. Looking back on events with our present-day experiences, it must be said that the Belgian soldiers achieved almost the impossible.

On August 12th, the Belgian Army was drawn up between Diest and Jodoigne, with the river Gette in front of it. Liège had not fallen at that moment, but it was known that its days were numbered, and that considerable bodies of the enemy were already moving westwards. Some skirmishing, indeed, occurred on the 11th, but the battle of Haelen the next day ranks as the first encounter in the open field with the German invaders. This

battle began soon after eight in the morning and continued until five in the afternoon, when the Germans retreated after suffering heavy loss. The Belgians buried 3,000 Germans collected on the field, while they themselves suffered a total loss of 1,100 killed, wounded, and missing. A lull of some days followed, and the Belgians still held on to the Gette in the hope of securing sufficient time to allow the Allies to come up.

On August 18th the Germans reappeared and forced the Gette; but at Hautem Sainte Marguerite a single Belgian regiment arrested the progress of a complete army corps for eight hours, losing half its men and two-thirds of its officers. Throughout that day fighting occurred round Tirlemont, and when evening fell it was known that the Germans were in overwhelming strength, and that no alternative remained but to withdraw the field army into the entrenched Antwerp position. At that moment Belgian confidence in their fortresses had not been much shaken, for, although Liège had fallen, the destructive power of the German siege artillery was not realized until after the capture of Namur and Maubeuge, and Antwerp was believed to be incomparably stronger than Liège. Still on August 20th the Belgian Army had quitted the open field and withdrawn into Antwerp. On the same day the Germans entered Brussels, without firing a shot, by formal capitulation. The details of the defense of Antwerp do not come into the story except so far as regards the two principal sorties in which the troops took part. The first of these, on August 24th, was undertaken with the idea of relieving the pressure on the French, who were heavily engaged in the Sambre region. On this occasion the Belgians held the field for two days, forcing back the Germans to the neighborhood of Vilvorde and Malines. But the effort could not be

sustained in face of the fresh troops brought up from the East, and, moreover, news of the retreat of the French and British Armies showed that it was useless.

But connected with this sortie was one incident of superlative heroism, to which we must refer as typical of so many others scattered throughout these pages. The Belgians, while advancing, were arrested by the Willebroeck Canal, too deep for fording, with the Germans strongly posted on the other bank. There was indeed a bridge, a drawbridge known as the Pont Brulé, but the mechanism for lowering it was on the side held by the Germans, and their marksmen were on the lookout to pick off any of the Belgians who exposed themselves. In this way a Belgian officer and three of his men, trying to discover how to make the passage, were shot one after the other. There was only one chance, that someone should swim across the canal, twenty yards wide, under the enemy's fire, and work the windlass of the bridge. It was almost certain death to make the attempt, and at the call for a volunteer, no one at first hastened forward. Suddenly a reservist of eight years' service, a married man and the father of a family, named Tresignies, said quietly, "I will go." Having divested himself of the heavier part of his uniform he threw himself over the parapet, rolled down the bank, and entered the water without being seen. Screened to some extent under the shadow of the raised bridge, he reached the other bank and seized hold of the handle of the windlass. Up to this fortune had favored him; at the supreme moment it abandoned him. Unfortunately, he turned the handle in the wrong direction, and the warning shouts of his comrades, or perhaps the creaking of the lever, drew the attention of the Germans to his presence. At once volleys were directed on him; wounded, he still essayed to turn the

handle, and then, riddled with bullets, his body rolled down the bank into the water. Commandant Breton suggests that perhaps his name will be handed down in his regiment with each roll-call, like another La Tour d'Auvergne, with the historic response, "Mort sur le champ d'honneur."

The second sortie of the Belgian Army was made a fortnight later (September 9th-13th), with the object of preventing the Germans sending reinforcements to the front while the French were pushing them back from the Marne to the Aisne. As Commandant Breton claims: "This operation, which developed into a four days' battle, was a complete success, despite the heavy sacrifices it entailed. The enemy was obliged to recall and permanently retain before Antwerp a division that had already begun its march to the south. Besides, a complete Army Corps, destined for the Aisne, was kept in a state of immobility, uncertain whether to turn on our troops or to hasten at his urgent appeal to the assistance of Von Kluck."

A third and final sortie was attempted (September 24th-27th), in the belief that the turning point of the war had been reached, and that the Allied armies were on the eve of entering Belgium. This hope was quickly destroyed and superseded by the grave peril that beset Antwerp itself. Irritated by the menace from it on their flank, the Germans decided to end it by employing the heavy siege artillery which had literally smashed up Namur, Maubeuge, and all the forts of Northern France each in a few hours. On September 28th the two principal southern forts received their first bombardment, and on the following day they were completely destroyed. The fate of Antwerp was sealed, and King Albert, wisely placing no reliance on the illusory promise of succor from England, set about the task of extricating his Army while there was still

time. The bulk of the force had been transferred to the left bank of the Scheldt by October 7th, and two days later it began to concentrate afresh between Bruges and Ostend. No long stay was possible here; the retreat was resumed southwards along the coast, but when the whole Army had got behind the Yser on October 13th, then King Albert called a halt and issued his memorable order that his troops must hold this last corner of Belgium to the end and die where they stood. He could count on 70,000 men all told, of whom 48,000 were infantry.

Only three days were accorded them to prepare in some partial measure a new place of final stand before the German shot and shell were playing on it in anticipation of the attack in mass. The Belgians had sufficient time, however, to form strong *têtes de pont* at Nieuport and Dixmude, and to provide more or less efficiently for the defense of the intermediate crossings of the Yser at St. Georges, Schoorbeke, and Tervaete. They also occupied eight advanced posts on the right bank of the river; but the chief weakness of the Belgian Army lay in its artillery, which contained nothing heavier than the three-inch gun. Still, they were better off than the co-operating division of French Marines, under Admiral Ronarc'h, which had no artillery at all.

The first cannonade on the Yser began on October 16th. The enemy were testing the strength of the position and the stubbornness of the defense. It continued with little intermission till the 18th, when all the advanced posts were seriously attacked. One in front of St. Georges and another in front of Tervaete were captured, and thus the Germans had got near to two of the river crossings. During the night, however, the Belgians took the offensive and drove the Germans out of the latter post. The Belgians thus retained their hold on the right bank, with the exception

of the one point lost and firmly occupied by the enemy. The next day (October 19th) the Germans attacked in force at two different points. The more serious effort was made against Nieuport, where three violent assaults were repulsed with heavy loss, and the Germans could make no progress. But the second attack to the south fared better, at least for a time. Beerst, the post in front of Dixmude, was captured, and Keyem, north of it, became isolated. Orders were given to a Belgian division to join hands with the French Marines and recover what had been lost. This attack proved completely successful. The old positions were recovered, and a very hopeful view prevailed as to the possibility of turning the success to greater account the next day, when news arrived that large German forces were approaching from a new quarter threatening the Belgian flank. It became necessary to retire on Dixmude, abandoning all the outposts beyond the river in front of that town.

The following day (October 20th) the Germans devoted their attention to the northern positions in front of Nieuport, and despite the intervention of British monitors, succeeded by the evening in rendering them untenable. But as Commandant Breton correctly observes: "It was only on the fifth day of battle, and then after three days of terrible fighting, that the enemy, overcoming our troops with the weight of numbers and the fire of their formidable artillery, succeeded in pushing back our divisions behind their line of principal defense, the Yser. Neither at Nieuport nor at Dixmude was the *tête de pont* involved."

Yet the foe counted on an easy triumph, and Dixmude was to be their first prize. Some hours later on the same day as the attack on Nieuport that on Dixmude commenced. It had been partially reduced to ruins; and it

was amid the flames of burning houses that the German troops came on in serried masses, singing songs of triumph, but the Belgians and the French Marines did not yield a foot. Before their steady and concentrated fire the German ranks disappeared as corn under the sickle. The struggle continued in this way for hours; it was late in the evening when the foiled assailants were called off by the sound of the regulation whistles. Yet even then a surprise attempt was made before sunrise on the 21st in the hope that the defenders might be worn out. They were well on the alert, and the Germans retired with further heavy loss. Nor did the matter end there. During the morning the artillery from far and near commenced to rain shot and shell in Dixmude, and then the gray masses once more surged towards the town. They came on in a sort of frenzy as if they had been intoxicated with ether or alcohol. The onset collapsed under the steady and withering fire of the defenders. A fourth, and yet again a fifth, assault were delivered in the afternoon of the same day with similar results. The defenders were sustained to the last by the orders from Headquarters: "Resist to the end; hold on to the death!"

The German failure was not less complete at Nieuport than at Dixmude. No progress was made at either point, but both towns, practically speaking, were burned to the ground. The Germans then resolved to try their fortune at the intermediate crossing places over the Yser. On October 22d they came down in immense force on Tervaete and broke through. If they succeeded in making good their position on the left bank the whole Belgian position would have been compromised. It became necessary for the Belgians to quit the defensive attitude for the offensive, and so the Grenadier and Carabinier regiments charged to expel

them. Before darkness fell those of the Germans who survived were driven back to the right bank of the Yser, but during the night they again resumed the assault in much increased force, and in the morning of the 23d the Germans again held Tervaete, and this time firmly. It was their one success. Everywhere else they had been repulsed; but none the less the position had become critical, and that notwithstanding the arrival during the same day of French territorial troops to aid in the defense. Space forbids to follow the details of the struggle that continued during the following days. The Germans did not score any material success, their assaults were repulsed, but the Belgian troops, with one-fourth of their numbers gone, and cartridges, beside shot and shell, falling short, had reached the point of exhaustion. Then it seemed as if the Yser position must fall, and that the last strip of Belgium would follow therest.

Under this supreme necessity it was decided to find safety by cutting the dykes of the Yser and flooding the surrounding country. The first step was taken on October 28th, but the water rose very slowly, and for some time the Germans did not realize what had happened. When they did they beat a hasty retreat, their chief care being not to cross the Yser, but to get away from it. Many hundreds were cut off on temporary islets formed by the moving waters, much of their artillery had to be abandoned; but the bitterest pill of all was to see the prize, almost grasped, slip away after the lives of at least fifty thousand of the best German soldiers had been sacrificed to gain it. And thus the final episode in the three months' effort of the Belgian Army, generally single-handed, to save their country was marked by no inconsiderable triumph.

The little corner of Flanders which the Belgian Army defended so valiantly in the autumn of 1914 is still held in-

tact by the national forces in this summer of 1916. But, except in spirit, it is a new army. Commandant Breton calls it in one passage a marvelous resurrection, and when it is remembered that it has been created without a country the phrase is very appropriate. The existing Belgian Army, which is to be found exclusively in the triangle of the kingdom behind the Yser, has been formed under King Albert's personal direction. It has not merely been reclothed in a khaki uniform and re-armed, but it has been provided with a fresh and up-to-date organization, evolved from the experiences of the war, in which every man has his number and his assigned place. The artillery still possesses its old 75 mm. pieces, and

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many more of them, but it is also equipped with the heavy artillery which in 1914 was wholly lacking. These results might have been expected, given the resources and the will; but what could not have been hoped for, under the circumstances, was that the force should now have a numerical strength double that it possessed when it first lined up on the banks of the Yser. Then it was inspired by the courage of desperation; now it is animated, not only by confidence in its King and in itself, but by the radiant hope that it is destined to take a leading part in the restoration of Belgium to the freedom and independence of which she was so wickedly deprived.

*Demetrius C. Boulger.*

## DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

### CHAPTER V.

#### SAINT V. BLACKGUARD.

From Derby to Town I had the privacy of my chaise. But by no ordering of mine, for I do not hold with doing a thing by halves, and having forgiven my antagonist—a matter quite simple and easy if you come to think of it, for, take it the other way, how shall a man feel after blowing the life out of a fellow half his size, in cold blood, across a dirty deal table?—so, having patched it up with the Major, I was for making it plain to him that his company would be as welcome as before our misunderstanding. But, when I sent to his room a request that he would let me know when it would be convenient to start, I found he was already upon the road.

The wound to the man's self-approbation must have been severe. A note which he had left for me at the bar was a singular composition. Too jealous

for his repute to admit himself in the wrong, or even to sign what he wrote, he expressed his changed feelings toward me in guarded phrases, concluding with a hope that he might be able to serve my interests: an assurance I accepted for what it might be worth, building little upon it, nor expecting to meet him again.

With him had gone the motive for rapid traveling. I was in no especial haste, being persuaded by this time that my business was driven by more capable hands than mine, and likely to prosper at whatever pace I posted. And this sense of guidance persisting, I found myself at leisure to study the countryside across which I was passing.

This, though the shooting season was nearing its close, was overrun with ground-game; a vice of estate management which, in my experience, leads to trouble. Some miles south of Coventry I found a turnpike gate locked against me, and was civilly bid to have patience



for a few moments by a couple of tall fellows with blacked faces. "Don't be afraid, squire," said they, "'tis only a hare-drive. Ye wouldn't spoil sport for honest poor men."

And with that a distant popping of fowling-pieces drew nearer, and letting down the other sash, I beheld a line of shooters advancing upon near half a mile of front. Keeping their dressing and distance, the guns took the country as it came, hedge, ditch, and highway, letting fly at all that got up before them, fur and feather. Behind them came the lurchers and sacks. In the road beyond the gate stood light carts well-horsed, and into these the pickers-up emptied their bags before hurrying on to overtake the guns. The carts went off at a sharp trot, and later the gate was unchained.

Here was a business as carefully planned, and as well-organized as many a minor operation of war. The assembling, arming, and directing of these poachers called for a head, no less than did the transport and disposal of the game. I noticed that the guns reloaded as they marched, which alone was sufficient to stamp them as old soldiers.

I stayed at the *George* at Watford to lunch. Choosing my steak, and seeing it laid upon the grid, I passed from the kitchen to the adjacent dining-room. Trouble had preceded me.

"'Tis the other gent's order, captain; you said 'chop.' " It was the protest of an elderly waiter, standing guard over the outlet which he had placed before a small, thin man who, undisturbed by the probable loss, or delay of his meal, was engrossed in the comparison of two books, and did not so much as lift his head.

"Fortt! Schweinhund!—It iss mine I do tell you! Will you say that my money is vorse than a French spy's?"

The speaker's back was toward me, but his thick-tongued German-English

was curiously familiar. I knew I had heard this voice before. The man was tallish, bulky and fair, showing a roll of red flesh set with a pile of short flaxen hairs bulging over the nape of his stock, for the pigtail of my youth was gone. Hearing my foot upon the sanded floor he swung upon his heel, red-faced, and wolfishly hungry, and thus for the third time I encountered Omptèda.

We had been fellow captains in the unfortunate Fifth whilst that regiment lay at York. Less lucky than I, this man was in the Castle Bar affair and was broke for his share in it.

A year and a half later I had seen him at the County of Middlesex Assizes where a certain ex-lieutenant Ganthony stood his trial for attempting my life. I think this Omptèda had been as deep in that business as the other. Both were Beau Vyze's decoys, and led captains, and it was this man's luck that his fellow ruffian should be hanged for a crime which he had watched, and should have borne his share in. 'Twas thought that a timely slackness, an effect of the nerves, let us say, had incapacitated Omptèda from dealing me the stab in the back which, according to Ganthony's last dying speech and confession, had been his part in the villainy.

Vyze dead; Ganthony committed for trial; Omptèda had tendered, what was in effect, if not in law, King's evidence.

One would have thought that upon such a record there would have remained no public service open to such a person, yet, here he faced me in the frock and frogs of some Hanoverian regiment.

Recognition was mutual. I did not speak. He was stouter and more florid than I recollected him. His flaxen eyebrows stood out whitely against an inflamed countenance supported by great hairy red ears. The fellow was an ugly dog: a heavy chin and short upper lip brought a coarse mouth near

to the center of his face. There were three parallel scars across his left cheek, not small ones, but repellently conspicuous, exhibiting the marks of stitching, the proofs of some duel: such are coveted by the youth of Germany and admired by the women of that nation.

I have said that I have an imperfect memory for faces, and have clean forgot the persons of the gentlemen who served me at Derby, but, although I had not seen Omptèda for five years I knew him.

And he me. His little pale blue eye sparkled. "Sirrah!" he said with heat, his ill-humor leading him to involve me, his enemy of other years, in this trivial dispute, but finding me indisposed to take notice of him, and doubtless ashamed to prosecute his imposition in my presence, the man wheeled off to the hearth muttering, and resumed a post which I think he had left but a moment before my coming, straddling before the coals with his coat-tails parted.

"Wilt thou be please to partake? Thou art welcome. I am in no haste, and can attend." The student was speaking, he had risen, and still keeping his fingers in the passages which he had been collating, was bowing to the German with such engaging grace that, apart from his clipt th's, I knew him for a Frenchman of the noblesse, for no man of any other race could have inclined with such winning favor.

He was over thirty and below the middle height, spare too, but of so upright a carriage, and of such open and affable address, as to convey the impression of a personable man; neither at my first meeting nor since did he strike me as puny. His nose was high-bridged and excellently modeled; his mouth firm but sweet, his chin finely fashioned. It was a handsome face, masterful perhaps, and something akin to the countenances of two of the most eminent Englishmen of that and the preceding age, namely, the Rev. John Wesley and his relative the Duke of

Wellington (at that time Sir Arthur Wellesley).

The Frenchman was not a man to whom it was easy to be uncivil, but Omptèda was ever a bear, and at the moment, though I knew it not, a hungry bear, with a jorum of spirit upon his empty stomach.

I think my presence prevented some ungracious reply to the student's proffer; the Hanoverian curbed his tongue, and the other, accepting no denial, gracefully set a chair for him and bowed him into it, smiling urbanely.

'Twas carrying complaisance too far for my taste, and for that of the waiter. "Well, I'm damned!" said he.

"Nay, my man," objected the Frenchman, "I tink better of ty prospect. Vilt tou serve me a chop, or vatever comes first?"

The man grinned deferentially. "There be a private room behind the bar, sirs, with a wood fire. Will your worships bid me lay for ye there?"

I nodded. The student, less precipitate, pocketing his French and English testaments, assented if the gentleman would excuse him. The gentleman, his scarred cheek abulge with another man's meat, made no response to the courtesy. We left him guzzling; I, it is possible, with too high a chin.

Our covers laid, and the door closed behind the waiter, my companion bent his head in the silent grace of the Quakers.

"Sir," said I, "is it possible that ye are a Friend?"

"I am," said he, smiling, and handed me a card inscribed

*Stephen Grellet*

Intermittent as had been my connection with the Friends, this was a name which had stuck in my memory. I had heard of the adhesion to the Society in America of a young French aristocrat, the fame of whose zeal, gifts and devotion had crossed the Atlantic in advance

of him. Was he not said to have thrust himself into a city where the dread yellow fever of the tropic was raging, a place from which every soul who could fly had fled—and had there tended the sick until the pestilence abated? This was but one of the stories afloat concerning him. That we should ever meet had not crossed my mind, yet, here we sat regarding one another across the same table.

With some men, good men too, one may live for a year and part at last without regret, mere acquaintance still, so carefully have they maintained the barriers of their privacies. Intimacy with such is impossible; they decline to contemplate its approach. As a tortoise silently withdraws its head at the sound of approaching footsteps, so this sort slips within his defenses and drops the portecullis.

And there are others, no better intensioned possibly, but assuredly more humane, because less self-involved, men with a genius for friendship as others for letters, music, or arms, with whom one cannot take a meal at a public table without feeling drawn within their orbit of interest.

Here was one such, this Frenchman was my comrade from his first word, and had got my intimacy within two minutes. How? I know not. He did it, that is all I can say. An hour later I found myself marveling, but in after years, when I knew him better, I marveled not at all that George Fanshawe should have capitulated at the first summons to an influence which subjugated men of all races, and of every degree, from crowned heads downward.

Had he been long in England? I asked, had he met such and such members of the Society? Isaac Penington, for instance? naming the chief Friend of the part of England in which we were at the moment.

"I did lie at his house last night," said Mr. Grellet, adding that since we both

enjoyed the acquaintance of so excellent a person, we might, if I willed, dispense with the formalities and regard ourselves as introduced. His smile was winning: I arose offering my hand.

I think we were both sharp set, and for a while ate in silence, I secretly watching the play of my companion's mobile physiognomy. Something was upon his mind. Laying down knife and fork, he bent toward me, "That person is thy enemy. He fears thee. Thou bearest him a grudge. Why hate him longer?"

The charge shocked me, but was true. What did it matter that I had not met the fellow for years, that his name had not passed my lips, nor his personality intruded upon my mind since I knew not when, nor that I would have spared him had I held him beneath my hand? Here, in the clear, white light shed by this spiritually-minded stranger, I had to own 'twas a true bill. I did hate Omphtëda.

Let me put my case. Years before, when a raw youth, I had suffered in purse, in self-respect, and in consequence from the brutal horse-play and impositions of the mess of which the German had been a member. Whilst clean forgetting the persons and even the names of some of my old persecutors, his scarred face was unforgot, as were a couple of scenes in which he had borne a part.

Later, as I have said, he had again crossed me, had been solicited to take my life, and, if he had not gone beyond lending an ear to the tempter, had given me no warning of my peril. I had seen that countenance hanging over the rail of the witness-box, blanched with fear and shining with sweat; those blubber lips trembling with the dreadful energy with which the man was striving under cross-examination to fix the load of guilt around the neck of his doomed accomplice. He had succeeded. Poor Ganthony had been hanged: Cotter,

another of the gang, transported; their master, and my arch-enemy, Vyze, the notorious gamester and duelist, was dead; and this, the commonest, if not the basest of the gang which had sought my life and property, lived still and was here in the house.

Truly I did hate him, if to despise, loathe and desire to avoid a fellow creature be to hate.

Mr. Grellet must have seen the workings of my mind. As I learned later, he was known as a man of a discerning spirit, one to whom the inward thoughts, desires and fears of most men and women lay legible as a print page. Me he read like a book. He spoke.

"My friend, bear with me. Does it not seem plain to thee that here lies a duty, a privilege, even, close to thine hand? 'Be ye reconciled.'—Who knows what, in the Divine ordering, hangs upon thy faithfulness?"

It did seem so; I was conscious of it. But to see a particularly distasteful duty and to go and do it are different things. Although I was strongly drawn toward my companion, I could not find it in me to yield so far as this. I silently resisted his gentle pressure, but did not resent it. Unready I may be, but I can be stiff upon occasion. The course urged upon me was too revolting; moreover it seemed to me uncalled for. I had never done the Hanoverian an ill turn in my life, and merely desired to forget him. Was not that sufficient? Had a man no right to his privacy? I changed the subject.

Was Mr. Penington in good health? He was, and though elderly was still active, and had that day undertaken a long journey.

"When I did leave his door," said Mr. Grellet, "our friend was preparing to set forth under a sense of concern to visit a family of our people in the north parts who have recently suffered the loss of a dear child, a daughter whose

engagement in marriage had just been made public."

I suspended knife and fork and inclined gravely, wondering what was coming.

"But," continued the Frenchman, "the mind of our friend, though deeply in sympathy with the parents, was yet more exercised upon behalf of the young man, *le fiancé*; I heard not his name, but mine host spoke of him as of an old acquaintance, and one with whom he had aforesaid enjoyed spiritual communion. Before leaving the house today we united in prayer for that bereaved young man."

I pushed away my plate. There seemed no escape from the net which encompassed me. Again I was sensible that whether I would or no, my goings and comings were known, noted and arranged. My *vis-à-vis* was ignorant of my antecedents and station, nor would my name convey anything to him if I gave it, nor connect me with him for whom he had prayed an hour or two before, yet his grip upon me was strict and urgent.

Silently I strove to escape from a duty I detested, but this too persuasive influence was irresistible. He was speaking again.

"An injury pardoned, an enemy forgiven, even if he be not wholly won, is a fine spiritual experience. Believe me, my friend, to pardon is to understand, and to see with the eyes of the Divine Being something of what the man is whom one has pardoned, both his temptations, his frailties and his possibilities."

Without a word I thrust back my chair and returned to the dining-room. Omptèda had his face in a tankard and was sucking too vigorously to hear my approach. On setting it down the same look of sullen apprehension clouded his visage. I gave him no time; "Count," I said, "we have not always agreed: let that be forgot. Can I serve you? I

am asking for no confidence; just say . . ."

"Himmel!" he spluttered, wiping his lip, and turning half round in his seat to look me up and down, "You may think to amuse yourself, but no one shall amuse himself with me!" He was searching for a card, but I interposed saying that all I wanted was to be allowed to help him.

He drew a deep breath, snorted, and regarded me truculently without arising, or releasing the tankard, and I noticed how frayed and thin was the cloth of his cuff. The brutal face and boring eye were hard to read, but I thought I detected the anxiety, if not the desperation of poverty.

"If Mr. Fanshawe means what he says he may prove it by offering to lend Count Omptèda ten guineas."

"Count Omptèda is welcome to twenty," said I, and told them out upon the table. He scrambled to his feet hastily and hung over the gold with breathless and almost incredulous eagerness, watching the little pile grow. Then, sweeping the whole into his fob with one movement, he broke into a hoarse guffaw and offered his hand. I took it.

"Bei Gott, Mister Fanshawe, I could not haf believe it of ye! We must wet this. Ye will help me crack a bottle on't, yes, to the number of the Old Mess? Ye will!—Kellner, komm!"

I might have foreseen this, and what followed. The man had well drunk already. I noticed for the first time the empty rummer on the mantelpiece. He was in his second tankard of ale, and upon this foundation began laying down port, two glasses to my one. What could I do? This reconciliation was of my seeking: to limit hospitality as understood by my guest, or host, for I knew not in which capacity to regard him, was the way to renew my quarrel, and with a man far gone in liquor. There was nothing to do but to fall in with his humor.

We began to carouse. I remembered him as a silent fellow with small command of English, but time, or drink had remedied this. He did the talking: I learned, what we of the Fifth had suspected, that his commission had been earned by services to the Prince. Of this, and of these he now bragged, inveighing against the parsimony with which he had been treated, and the difficulties he had experienced in regaining employment after what he called his "troubles."

"'Twould seem that the unpardonable sin in this country is to tell the truth upon oath. Yet, they were glad enough of my evidence, as ye remember. But, I'm employed again at last."

As the second bottle ebbed the count oscillated between a caressing, button-holeish familiarity, and pride of birth.

"You are not *geboren*, Fanshawe,—mere commoner, eh? *kaufmann*, praps? or two or three removes, eh? No offensh, mann! Oright. Jusho; thought so. But, I am Omptèda. None of your *vons*; we don't require 'em. Oldest House in Europe bar Este, praps, or Giustiniani. Hohenzollerns used to be our horseboys; Habsburg was a fiefholder to us, a lanz-knecht in our train. Yessir, I rank with Coucy, 'King I am not,' ye know, Duke I'd scorn to be, Omptèda *ich bin*! Yesh, thash me (hie). Wales recognizes me. Prinny I mean, Prinny *we* call him, who have de *entrée*, 'Prince's Friends,' ye know. We never shay 'Wales' 'mong 'selves. No, No! Prinny's my friend. Reashon why?" (I had not asked for any reason.) "Besh let reashons alone, Fanshawe. All shame, should jush like to get my thumb and finger inside shtock of Reverend Canon Mereweather, me boy! Yesh! There wash a woman in it, you'll undershtand. Usually ish where Prinny ish concerned; but . . ." and at this point the toper, whom I was in hopes of getting rid of, suddenly recovered his powers of speech and a



measure of sobriety, and launched out afresh.

"Yes, I am employed again at last. There is a general election at hand, and I . . . but, I'll not stun your head with affairs of state" (an access of pomposity drew him upright in his chair). "Enough that under cover of serving One whom I'll not name, but . . . " the creature leered vinously, holding a dirty forefinger to the side of a copper nose, "Whom ye can guess;—under cover of conveying instructions to Macmahon, I am prosecuting an old grudge of my own. Ye did not know I was married." He sighed melodramatically, "None of the Fifth knew. Der teufel! 'tis more than fourteen years since the woman left me. Don't ask me why, sir! I refuse to reply to your quesht'ns, I (hie) repel your insinuations! If she wash a famoush beauty, and if Hish Royal Highness did take a fancy . . . ish that any reason. . . . I demand, I ask? . . . Worrimean ish, dat it wash a disagreeable story, and dat dere wash a pfarrer in it, a parson, you call him. A deacon he was then, but he is in priest's orders since, and Prinny got him a Lord Chancellor's living. Oxgarth ish the place, and Mereweather ish the man, and if ever I get within arm's-length of dat pfarrer, Fanshawe, cloth or no cloth, as you English say, it shall go hard with him.—Kellner! another bottle; Mr. Fanshawe ish dry!"

More than this I was forced by the exigencies of my position to listen to, or at least to hear, but the grossness, the inconsequence, and the tedium of those hours left no definite impressions upon my memory save what I have set down above.

The poor fellow was an offense and a weariness, and when at last his head fell forward upon the board, and I could leave him to the ministrations of the boots and the waiter, I arose less blessed than humiliated by my effort at peace-making.

And, when I would have seen more of Mr. Grellet I found that the good man had left the house and the town.

## CHAPTER VI.

BOB DAWNAY.

You, my young relations, whilst posting at night upon a strange road, will have risen some long hill and watched the processions of dimly-descried hedgerow elms approaching out of and receding into obscurity like silent, observant videttes, whilst the trudging horses strained at the traces. And then, without sensible change of level, you discovered that the unseen summit was past, for the chaise had begun to travel by its own impetus, and the weight had shifted from the collars to the breechings.

It was thus with my fortunes from this point. Hitherto nothing that I had tried had availed me: all avenues had been blocked, my every offer had been repulsed.

Now, by no skill of George Fanshawe's my affairs had taken a turn. At the War Office the clerks seemed to have heard of me to my advantage. For the first time in my experience they were civil.

Bob, the man I had come up to Town to see, remarked upon the change. He is worth a line of description. The Honorable Robert Elwes Dawnay, my friend at Eton and since, and now Captain in the Blues, was a tremendous fellow. I am big, but he, almost gigantic, outsized me in every direction, a lion of a man to look at, but a very lamb with the sex. A petticoat could whisk him into any folly.

Dawnay was the ornament of the Prince's Set the unspoiled darling of Society, one whom fashionable women made love to, and brave men made way for. He was irresistible; the handsomest, best-made, best-tempered man about Town, with the finest manners and the softest voice, the most popular fellow in London.

I believe his very tailor worshiped him, and what he owed the person, and for how long he had owed it, the Lord alone knows!

And, would ye believe it?—this universal favorite set so little store by the opinion of the clubs that he, who could have gone anywhere, gave the half of his time to that social outcast George Fanshawe. Yes, to me he was ever the courteous, untiring friend, ready to start the campaign upon my behalf as before, indefatigable but hopeless.

"They carry too many guns for us, Doodles," he had said, using the nickname by which I had passed when an Oppidan. "Heavy metal, my boy; but, damme, we'll have another shot at them! But, first, we will make a night on't. Which will ye see—Jem Belcher box Molyneux, or the Infant Roscius? Tomorrow we will unmask our battery."

And our first shot scored. To Bob's amazement and mine, my request for leave to go abroad and to enter the service of His Majesty's ally, King Gustavus of Sweden, was granted! My passports were made out, I was at liberty to sail by the next Baltic convoy!

My friend laid it to a change in the Permanent Secretariat and to the death of a certain Lady Betty, but owned there was something behind, influence at work which was beyond him. "Mac has spoken for ye. What d'ye make of that? I did not know ye knew him."

I did not enlighten the dear fellow, for with the best heart in the world, he had not the discreetest of tongues.

We were sitting over a bottle of wine in my private room at *Fennell's* in Bedford Square, a house I have always used when in Town. He tickled a puzzled head until the powder fell. "Ye came up from the country the day before that fog, or I'd say that might have had something to do with it."

"Man, I was in the thick of it. My boys and I led our cattle the last stage, making a-mile-an-hour job of it, I ahead with the lamps. I was never in such a pickle: roads blocked, wheels locked, horses down, I meant to have told ye. There were thirteen coaches ditched this side of Edgware."

He watched the beeswing dancing in a glass of *Fennell's* best port, and asked in the most casual of tones if I had helped any of the sufferers, more especially a damsel in distress, a middle-aged damsel of the name of Clarke?

"I lent a hand to a woman, I did not ask her name. It was a private chaise upon its side. Naturally . . ."

"Of course. Ye extricated the fair, and set her conveyance upon its pins. 'Twas like ye, Doodles. I can see ye doin' it."

"That is more than ye could have done at the time, Bob, for the smother was pitch-black and hedge-thick. 'Twas difficult to see three yards, even by one's own lantern-light. When ye were at work upon the harness of a fallen horse, 'twas hard to find the buckles. I never saw such . . ."

"So the newspapers said. 'Twas without doubt the worst London Particular ever known. But, the point is that a certain lady, who is dear to a certain personage called York, who, by the way, is Commander-in-Chief to His Majesty's forces, Doodles, is reported to have been hauled out of a quag by some gentleman unknown. . . . That lady of yours, D., did ye offer her your card?"

"I certainly did not offer it, Bob, but she would have it. It would never have occurred to me. . . . So trivial a service! I'd have done as much for a cadger's ass-cart."

"So ye would, Doodles, it goes without sayin'. That is the sort ye are. But, this time 'twas not a cadger's ass, but a Duke's . . . ahem! . . . lady. And this lady, who has interest, if not

position, and secured your name, my boy, has almost certainly had a finger in your pie, as she has had in many another man's. Tho' 'tis the first piece of patronage I ever heard of her exercising without being paid for it," he added sourly.

I knew not if his explanation were the right one. Among the half-dozen or so, whom my understanding of horse-flesh and muscular strength enabled me to assist upon that night, it seemed possible that the person alluded to might have been one. That fog, be it said, lasted for five days and was a month's wonder. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was caught in it upon his way down to Newmarket, and spent the night in an overturned carriage beside some road, or in some ditch, not ten miles from Town, but as hopelessly lost as if in the deserts of Tartary.

I confess it annoyed me to think the novel complaisance with which I was being treated due to such intervention, earned by such trumpery assistance.

I had heard of the commander-in-chief's infatuation for this lady. Who had not? Her rapacity was the talk of the Town. The services groaned under it. Three years later the scandal came to a head in Parliament, and cost her royal paramour his post. I repeat I resented the idea of being beholden to such a creature, and turned the chaise and its lady occupant over in my mind.

"Would the person of whom ye are speaking, Bob, be a woman of forty-five or fifty? A well-preserved, handsome creature, with an aquiline nose and a sweet, engaging smile?"

"If that was the dame ye squired, D., she was not the Clarke, whoever she may have been. I have seen Mary Anne many a time in the Park and elsewhere, but, at her best she would never have filled that bill."

Certainly the top of the hill was now behind me. By whose hands impelled

I never rightly knew, my business was thrust along in a manner new to my experience.

The Foreign Office, which only a few weeks before had dispatched a man hundreds of miles to forbid me to leave England, now furnished me with a letter of commendation to the British Minister in Stockholm, and, as it were, pushed me on board and cut the cable. Within a week Bob saw me off from the Pool.

"Ho," says he, running his eye over the crowd of shipping, "so this is the Baltic Convoy, or the London contingent on't. There will be others from the East Ports, no doubt, unless the success of the Dunkirkers six weeks back has knocked all the spunk out of the merchants and masters. That was a shocking poor story, Doodles, and I'll wish ye better luck. You'll pick up your frigates at the Nore."

He ceased, and choosing a clear space of deck abaft the binnacle, stood musing and frowning, something upon his mind, his waterman alongside, awaiting his pleasure to re-embark.

"'Pon my word, D., I'm sick with envy when I look at ye! I meant to have had a smack at the Frenchies; I have been talking about it all these years.

"Prinny dissuaded me. I have been useful to the man at times. God forgive me! 'If I'd served my Maker half as well as I have served my Prince, I should have been a jolly sight better off today,' as the fellow says in Hamlet.

"Of course if I had really meant it I should have exchanged into a regiment seconded for service, or got upon somebody's staff as galloper. Well, I am kicking myself today, for I've lost my chance. Boney is a wicked little bruiser and deucedly quick with his left, but he is outmatched this time. Not weight enough, eh, Doodles? He can't stand up long to the Prussians. No, this will be a one-round mill, a knock-

out, and then peace. A long peace, too, and my chances gone forever, for I put on flesh disgracefully.

"'Tis the life, D., one can't help it. Windsor, St. James's and back to Windsor. There ought to have been a British contingent in this allied army. We lend 'em the money, why don't we send troops? I'll tell ye why. We are rotten." He groaned, "The feet? Pfiel!" he snapped his fingers. "The horse? Too many of our regiments are like your unlucky Carabineers. What, none of us staunch? ye will ask, and the best I can say is that this new man Jack Moore down at Shorncliffe is putting together what he calls a Light Division. Goodness knows what he will make on't. But, the rest of us are culch. The country has neither generals, regimental officers nor rank and file. Fact! and some of us can see it.

"Thank Heaven the French did not land last year! Nobody who isn't in the service knows what a pickle we were in. Wales himself was only trusted with an honorary colonelcy. Fancy!

"As for the Duke of York, I told ye last week about Mary Anne Clarke. Between you and me, Doodles, the women have been the ruin of the army. You must crawl through a petticoat to get a commission. They deal in them. The Queen almost as bad as any.

"This Clarke is one of several. She

*(To be continued.)*

and her like have eaten the heart out of the service.

"But I put my money upon the King of Prussia—and you!"

The hands forward had cast her loose from her mooring-buoy, she was swinging broadside on, getting her nose downstream, and the jack at the wheel civilly bade us stand aside that he might see what she was doing.

And still Bob lingered with something to say. "Monstrous strange! We meant to be soldiers, both of us, didn't we? And here stand I, a captain in the Blues, but with as much chance of seeing active service as a clerk in yonder Custom House; and there go ye, off to the thick of it! Lucky dog!"

He grumbled on, the dear, big, stupid fellow, whom I loved better than I did my own brother, little Blakenham; may God forgive me! Then, quite suddenly the man's eyes fell, he grew shy.

"Pardon, old fellow. . . . Forgot, ye know. . . . Didn't exactly mean 'lucky,' of course. . . . Heard of your disappointment, and all that, and have meant to tell ye how sorry I am, but, put it off from day to day, ye know. Don't want to say too much, but . . . *Been thinkin' about ye*, put it at that. There, that's done!" filling his chest again.

"Write me!" he hailed as the ship left her tier and took the tide whilst his wherry went astern.

I was off to the wars at last.

## THE IRONY OF FATE.

There never was a stranger example of the irony of fate than the present position of Austria-Hungary. Austria-Hungary is really an Empire, an Empire in which there are two ruling races and a number of subject ones; and the immediate cause of the war was the desire of these ruling races to confirm and extend their rule over their sub-

jects. They saw that this rule was threatened by the growing power and national consciousness of the southern Slavs; and they wished to destroy that power, and with it that national consciousness. So they went to war; and their aim in making war was simply more power for themselves. But it is clear now that, whether they are

victorious or defeated, the result of the war must be the loss of all their real power. War has revealed the essential weakness of their Empire, not only to their enemies, but also to themselves and to their allies. They cannot wage it as well as a homogeneous people. They would not be able to wage it at all—there would long ago have been a rebellion of their subject peoples—if they had not the support of homogeneous Germany. But this support is given only at a very heavy price, which they are paying already, and which they have to pay so that they may not lose that shadow of power which they still possess. They dare not even complain of it; for to do so would be to confess their weakness. They must pretend to others, and even to themselves, that they like the predominance of Germany, and that they are still rulers although they are ruled from Berlin. And all the while they are gnashing their teeth over the very manners of their rulers, who make no effort to conceal their opinion of them and who treat them like the conquered people they are, conquered by allies in a war which they provoked in the hope of conquest and which has subjected them to a tyranny such as could never have been imposed on them by their enemies.

There is a Scots proverb, "He that hath riven breeks, let him sit still." One would have thought that Austria-Hungary must know that her breeks were dangerously riven and that she would have wished above all things to sit still. But no, she was so uneasy in her sense of her own insecurity that she thought any change must be for the better, and so she resolved on the doubtful change of war. It must have been perfectly clear to her ruling races that they could not win the war except with the help of Germany; the help not of an equal ally, but of a predominant partner; and they ought to

have seen that this help would not be given for nothing, that Germany is not in the habit of selling anything to anyone in difficulties except at an exorbitant price. They ought to have foreseen that war would make clear to everyone what was already the fact before the war, namely, that they were the rulers of their subject races only through the help of Germany; but the desire to maintain and extend their rule was stronger in them than any sense of the reality of their position. They were to themselves still ruling races, rulers by reason of their natural superiority over their subject peoples; and they thought of this rather than of the fact that they could only maintain their rule by being ruled.

But when the war came this natural superiority of theirs vanished, at least it vanished for the Prussians, to whom it appeared that they were merely incompetents out of whose hands the conduct of their own war must be taken lest by their misconduct of it they should endanger Prussia. And to this they had to consent, because it was clear that they could not manage their war for themselves. They ceased in a moment to be the rulers even of their own subject peoples, and became mere deputies of Prussia, who will not now even allow them to play the part of deputies. They have to obey orders just as if they were Czechs or Slovaks. They have nothing in common with their rulers, except the desire for victory; and even that they cannot desire very eagerly, since it would mean only that the power of Prussia would be increased over them as over everyone else.

So, whatever may be the issue of the war which they provoked, it must mean loss of power to them. If Prussia were to win, she would say it was no thanks to them; and all the world would see that Prussia alone had saved them from destruction. Always



after a victorious war a weaker ally becomes dependent on a stronger; the ties between them are drawn closer, but if the ties between Germany and Austria-Hungary are strengthened, they will become chains of which Germany will hold the key. All this, one would think, the Austrians and Hungarians ought to have seen before the war; but probably they thought that its result would be a victory so swift and crushing for the Central Powers that no one, not even the Prussians themselves, would see the Austrian weakness. Austrians and Hungarians would share in the common blaze of glory; victory would equal them with the very Prussians, and there would be spoils enough to satisfy the appetites of all.

It has not happened so; and, even if all their hopes of victory had been realized, it could not have happened so; for Prussia would have known very well who had won the victory and who had the real power, and she would not have kept her knowledge to herself. That is true about the Austro-Hungarian Empire which the Germans believed to be true about the British—namely, that its strength is an illusion which war must dispel. Certainly it has not broken up under the strain of war, as many expected it would; but everyone knows that only the fear of Germany has kept its subject races from rebellion, that Austria Hungary is united merely by pressure from outside.

Before the war this Empire, in spite of its disreputable past, was not disliked or suspected by the great free nations of the world so much as its ally. Everyone liked both Austrians and Hungarians; they were guiltless of the tyrannous bad manners of the Prussian. It was known that they had a difficult business in the ruling of their Empire; and it was commonly believed that on the whole they ruled it rather well, and that, if their rule were overthrown, a worse anarchy would take

its place. Their Empire was a *pisaller*, perhaps; but they themselves seemed to regard it as such; at least, they were not incessantly boasting of it and of the blessings of their *Kultur*. Hungarians, in particular, were popular in England; most of us thought of them as a brave people who had gloriously won their own freedom. Only those who knew Hungary well knew how obstinately they denied that freedom to their own subject peoples. But the war has revealed to everyone the true nature of the Empire, and the fact that, in war at least, it imposes upon its subject races a worse tyranny perhaps than any known to us in history. This tyranny is the result of circumstances rather than of any peculiar wickedness in Austrians and Hungarians. Modern weapons make an unarmed people powerless against an army, so powerless that the unarmed people can even be armed and forced to fight against those whom they consider their own friends. That is what has happened to the Slavs of the Austrian Empire in this war. They are, indeed, shown to be slaves to an alien race, and slaves who are not merely passive, like the slaves of the past, but active against their own will and their own friends. They surrender to the Russians willingly; but they can surrender only when the power of their oppressors is broken in battle; until then they must, with the weapons that are forced into their hands, fight against their own deliverance.

War has made the whole world aware of this most intolerable tyranny, and it is not less intolerable because the tyrants have been forced to impose it by bitter necessity. They, no doubt, have no express desire to be guilty of this last cruelty: neither Austrians nor Hungarians are cruel by nature; the Austrians, indeed, are conspicuously amiable and charming, and the Hungarians are the most chivalrous of

peoples to all except their own subject races. We cannot but be grateful to both for the manner in which they have treated all Englishmen who have fallen into their power. But the war has revealed to the whole world the essential vice of their Empire, the fact that its very weakness makes it an odious tyranny in war time, and a tyranny in the interests not even of its own rulers. For it was this weakness which made those rulers so submissive to the designs of Germany. If Austria-Hungary had been a strong and united nation she would not have been the ally of Germany, still less would she have provoked this war at Germany's bidding. It was because she could not trust her own subject Slavs that she wished to destroy the growing Slav power of Serbia, and Germany used this desire as the instrument of her own Eastern designs.

Now that fact is clear even to the Austrians themselves; there is no longer an Austrian Empire, but only a Central Europe, which is a euphemism for a Germany supreme from Hamburg to Constantinople, and this supremacy is all that the Austrians and the Hungarians have to hope for. What a prospect for them and the world! We cannot doubt that the mass of both peoples would come to terms with the Allies if they could. But through the essential vice of their Empire they cannot assert their will, perhaps they can hardly even be conscious of it. The Austrian or the Hungarian who hates the Prussian fears even more the Slav. He is at the mercy of his own machine, which is now being worked by an alien Power; and we cannot but pity him in spite of the infinite disaster which his mistake has brought upon the world. But we must remember that it was the nature of the Austrian Empire which made that mistake possible. The Germans, restless in the overweening sense of their own strength,

could not have found an accomplice except in a Power restless in the sense of its own weakness. And the Austrian Empire was growing weaker and more restless every day because it was unjust and irrational in its very constitution. However good their intentions might be, the rulers of the Empire could not but be unscrupulous and foolish in their policy, because their main object always was to maintain a rule over unwilling subjects in no respect inferior to themselves. This object imposed upon them a vicious and cynical tradition. They could not be honest in their policy, for its very aim was contrary to justice and reason. So it always is with rulers whose only purpose is to maintain their rule, as it is with individuals whose only purpose is to get money or power. There is nothing to be done with either except to give them a different purpose; until that change is worked upon them there can be no health in them. Therefore one of the chief of our aims in this war must be to work a healthy change upon the Austro-Hungarian Empire, however difficult or dangerous that may be. It was no concern of ours, we thought, before the war; but, by provoking the war, it has proved itself to be a dangerous nuisance to all the world, as dangerous as an insanitary quarter in a crowded town. Those who say that the war has provoked an ugly and indiscriminate hatred in the English people should note the fact that we have no hatred for Austrians or Hungarians in spite of the fearful consequences of their error. They are enemies to us only by accident; but we must, if we can, prevent such an accident from ever happening again. Both Austrians and Hungarians are charming people, but their personal charm is not a reason why they should be allowed to maintain an unjust and irrational power now that we have all suffered from the results of its injustice and unreason. Before we ourselves had suffered we

did not know what the nature of that power was; we thought, perhaps, that Czechs and Poles and Slovaks and Serbs and Roumanians were governed for their own good. Now that we have seen them forced to fight unwillingly against our Allies and theirs, we know that they have been governed for no good whatever, but for the sake of the government: and we know that the greatest wrongs are necessarily and in-

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evitably done by rulers who govern so. These wrongs rather than our own are what we need to remember when we have to deal with the Austrian Empire. The war itself has reduced it to a cruel absurdity. It is fighting now with no rational aim whatever, but merely for its own existence, which is the existence of an abstraction. We must see to it that no such abstraction persists to fight for itself again.

### THE SERMON IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

Sir Leslie Stephen was a little hard on the sermons of the eighteenth century. "No one," he says, "unless he were confined to a desert island with no other form of literature at hand, could really affect to read them with pleasure. Dull, duller, and dullest are a sufficient critical vocabulary to describe their merits; or, if one would fain discover some less damnatory form of description, it may perhaps be said that they are but one degree superior to the average sermon of the succeeding century." He goes on, however, to describe them as marked with "sincerity" and "common sense." I venture to think that the great critic is not quite consistent in his estimate. If they contain sincerity and common sense, it is rather difficult to see how they can be dull. One is reminded of the immortal individual who admitted she was drunk, but denied disorderly conduct as not in keeping with her character as a lady!

The vogue of the sermon in those days was phenomenal. Not only was it useful from a political point of view—and the name of Sacheverell sufficiently testifies to this—but the sermon was popular in a sense that subsequent history is not acquainted with. Years before the exciting times of Wesley and Whitefield, Richard Lucas the

Welshman attracted the crowd in the City of London, and George Stanhope, Dean of Canterbury, about the same time held forth to enormous congregations at St. Paul's and St. Lawrence Jewry.

We all know of the extraordinary scenes that attended the Revival preaching. Whitefield's efforts to get through the crowd to the pulpit, and the thousands that came to hear the two Wesleys are the commonplaces of history. During this same period Romaine's congregations were disturbing the too respectable church officers of St. Dunstan in the West. James Fordyce was discoursing to crowded gatherings which included Garriek; and Horne, Bishop of Norwich, was preaching with an earnestness which won even the fastidiousness of Fellowes the essayist. In the later part of the century Richard Cecil tells us in his memoir of W. B. Cadogan that the latter had to enlarge St. Giles', Reading, and that even so the church proved too small for the congregation. Cadogan also has to consult the Bishop on the inconvenience arising from the large number of Communicants, and obtains permission to administer the Sacrament to more than one at a time. Cecil speaks of Christ Church, Spitalfields, where he was lecturer, "the

largest Parish Church in London" as "crowded from end to end," with apparently a normal congregation; and the stentorian voice of George Patrick was sounding forth to the crowd at Shoreditch.

Not only did the public go to hear the sermon, but it did something still more wonderful: it bought and read the sermon. Atterbury's sermons had reached a fourth edition within three years of his death, despite the fact of his Jacobite views. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of about the same time abounds with references to new sermons just published on all sorts of topics. So far from there being a decline in this branch of literature, I find that my copy of Wilson's Sermons was actually the eighth edition, and this at the other end of the century!

Blair's Sermons reached a third edition twelve years before he died, and Boswell has recorded that the sale of the Edinburgh preacher's discourses was "so rapid and extensive, and the approbation of the public so high, that to their honor, be it recorded, the proprietors made Dr. Blair a present first of one sum, and afterwards of another, of fifty pounds, thus voluntarily doubling the stipulated price, and when he prepared another volume they gave him at once three hundred pounds, being in all five hundred pounds, by an agreement to which I am a subscribing witness; and now for a third octavo volume he has received no less than six hundred pounds." It is interesting to compare this with the sixty guineas paid to Goldsmith a few years previously for *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a sum which Johnson declared "no mean price," but thought that if it had been sold after *The Traveler* he might have had twice the amount. Once more, not to overload my argument, when Edmund Pyle the King's Chaplain writes in the middle of the century that the publisher

must pay well for the manuscript of Bishop Hoadley's Sermons, "for 'tis certain they will sell fast enough," enough has been said to prove that sermons were read in those days as they have hardly been since. We can also form a pretty good idea as to the sort of persons who read them. It may be thought that the clergy bought them for obvious reasons. This may be true to a limited extent; and there is not wanting evidence that the clergy acted on Addison's counsel to preach other men's sermons instead of "wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own."

Be this as it may, it is not easy to see how clergy whose incomes rarely went beyond sixty pounds a year, and frequently amounted to less, could be purchasers of books to any considerable degree. There is no doubt at all that it was the laity who bought them, and read and enjoyed them. Take one volume of sermons for an example. Who has ever heard of the Reverend Zackariah Mudge?

Mudge was a Prebendary of Exeter, and Vicar of St. Andrew, Plymouth. He is described by Boswell as "idolized in the west, both for his excellence as a preacher and the uniform perfect propriety of his private conduct." Johnson had the highest opinion of him both as a man and a preacher, and I am bound to say that the sermons he left are models of simplicity and earnestness. I guarantee that anyone carefully reading Mudge's sermon on "The nature of divine worship" will have a very different view of going to church than is current in our time. The point is, however, that Mudge's printed sermons had a marvelous influence on the men of his time. The one on "The origin and obligations of government" made such an impression on Burke that he had it reprinted as a pamphlet to serve as an antidote to the Jacobin principles of the day.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, again, owed to the preacher one of the principal ideas of his works, that of beauty as the medium of form, and spoke of republishing Mudge's Sermons, and writing a preface.\* Still further, Lord Rosebery has recently reminded us that Chatham improved his style by reading sermons, particularly those of the Prebendary of Exeter.

Johnson, of course, would read his Mudge from a far different motive. So, too, the military pietist of Madame D'Arblay's acquaintance, Colonel Fairly. It was in the year 1788, when the author of *Evelina* was laid up with influenza, that the Colonel called and said he had brought Carr's Sermons, and wished particularly to read the one on "Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last." His dejection, which had been so marked before, vanished during the reading, and madame, though not sharing his gaiety, commends him for a sincere Christian, and admits that the diversion had mitigated the fever! It was two years before, by the way, that she had found Ogden's Sermons, which the Queen had given her, "instructive and excellent"; Her Majesty playfully remarking that she would like them, since Dr. Johnson also approved the discourses.

I am not at all sure that the sermons of laymen were not as marked a feature of the century as those of divines; Addison, Steele, Mackenzie were only some of the writers who preached to their age from the pulpit of the Press, to say nothing of Johnson, who added the composition of sermons to his varied labors. The pages of the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, and the *Mirror*, are adorned with teaching as soundly moral and as tending to religious exercise as is to be found in many a sermon of that day. Take these words:

\**Dictionary of National Biography.*

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves and destitute of company and conversation; I mean, that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him; it is impossible for him to be alone.

And what Addison gave to the readers of the *Spectator* was expounded in fuller measure and with hardly less dignity of language by the Tory High churchman whom the Whig Addison describes as "one of the greatest geniuses of the age," Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. If ever human life belied in its later day the promise of its youth, that life was Atterbury's. Born in the advantageous surroundings of a sweet country rectory, educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, Atterbury became a favorite of Queen Anne, and when scarcely more than thirty attained to the Deanery of Carlisle. Nine years later saw him enthroned at Rochester, and made Dean of Westminster. All England rang with his praises when he entered the lists with such redoubtable combatants as Wake Hoadley, and Bentley, and the triumph of Sacheverell was the victory of Atterbury, who prepared his defense. *Vanitas vanitatum*, however, was the sorry sequel. All his dialectical skill and unrivaled eloquence could not save him at his trial for aiding and abetting the Pretender, and in 1723 he is banished the kingdom, and eight years later he passes away at Paris.

There was probably no public speaker to match him in all the realm: even the dissenter Doddridge called him "The glory of English orators," and it was a



long day before the memory of his powers in this direction faded from English minds. Fifty years after his death a writer in the *Gentleman's Magazine* says:

Bishop Atterbury was a fine speaker. . . . In his sermons he is clear and elegant, moving and sublime. Never, perhaps, was there a more accomplished preacher than this eminent divine; he had a sweet voice, a charming address, and such a graceful appearance, as engaged the attention of his audience at his first speaking.

The sermon I referred to was preached before Queen Anne in 1708. It is headed "Acquaintance with God, the best support under afflictions," and is founded on Job xxii, 21. It is a beautiful discourse, simple as becomes the subject, and breathing the spirit of piety. I will give one passage of it as justifying this description:

We are prone by Nature to engage ourselves in too close and strict an Acquaintance with the things of this world, which immediately and strongly strike our senses; with the Business, the Pleasures, and the Amusements of it; we give ourselves up too greedily to the Pursuit, and immerse ourselves too deeply in the Enjoyment of them; and contract at last such an intimacy and Familiarity with them as makes it difficult and irksome for us to call off our Minds to a better Employment, and to think intensely on any thing besides them. To check and correct this ill tendency it is requisite that we should *acquaint ourselves with God*, that we should frequently disengage our Hearts from Earthly Pursuits, and fix them on Divine Things; that we should apply ourselves to study the Blessed Nature and Perfections of God, and to procure lively and vigorous Impressions of his perpetual Presence with us, and Inspection over us; that we should contemplate earnestly and reverently the Works of Nature and Grace, by which he manifests Himself to us; the inscrutable Ways of His Providence, and

all the wonderful Methods of his dealing with the Sons of Men: That we should inure ourselves to such Thoughts, till they have worked up our Souls into that filial Awe and Love of Him, that humble and implicit Dependence upon Him, which is the Root and Principle of all manner of Goodness; till we have made our Duty in this Respect our Pleasure, and can address ourselves to Him, on all occasions, with Readiness and Delight; imparting all our Wants, and expressing all our Fears, and opening all our Grievances to Him, with that holy Freedom and Confidence to which the Saints and true Servants of God are entitled.

I am convinced that this is a matchless piece of exposition. The consummate art of leading his hearers' thoughts by an easy method from the impressions of human life to "the lively and vigorous Impressions" of the Divine Nature, is only equaled by the piety which explains the process and its beneficent results.

In the sermon preached before the Commons in 1701, Atterbury draws a shrewd distinction between the affairs of individuals and of nations, as regards divine judgments

Here, again, it is interesting to note the keen politician bringing to bear on a more or less political subject those graces of the preacher of righteousness, which are so prominent in all the sermons. The sermon is really based on the theme that while the judgment of man may be relegated to a future existence, since man is to exist hereafter the judgment on nations is always shown in present existence, for the simple reason that in the next life societies are dissolved.

Those who had the misfortune to differ from Atterbury were the recipients of as straight a dealing as ever issued from a divine.

The records of Carlisle and of Christ Church bear sufficient testimony that a ruffled Atterbury was not always

polite in his language. So to the Papist and the sceptic he was the reverse of genial. To the Nonconformist he was not quite so harsh, contenting himself with pointing out the merits of the Anglican position, and expressing the fear that the attention roused by unpremeditated prayer may be only that of curiosity and surprise. Or, in answering those who object to the preaching of morals that it is not the Gospel, and that it was preferable to appeal to the passions, he gives the adequate reply, that in the sermon before Felix, St. Paul preached on moral subjects, and appealed to the reason of his hearers. It was at this time that Dr. Isaac Watts was ministering to the Independents of St. Mary Axe, and doubtless it was to his teaching, and to that of those like him that the preacher refers. To the freethinker he was much more forcible than polite. Toland's "Christianity not mysterious" had been launched upon the world, and orthodoxy had been set by the ears. "'Tis not a freedom of thinking," he cries, "which they aim at; but a freedom of living, and of doing what they please, without the control of law, or fear of punishment."

Thus the man and his times are revealed in these discourses. Some of the old pathos is there, as Stephen admits in the funeral sermon on the young Cutts, some of the old eloquence as in the Good Friday sermon of 1718, and, despite Macaulay, some of the old sincerity, in the sermon on "External worship not sufficient alone."

Atterbury was still living when a sermon was preached at Epworth by a young man of twenty-three named John Wesley. From that time to the close of the century was for him one constant record of traveling and speaking. Open his journals at random and the startling performance is before your eyes. Here is a sample:

*Tues: Nov. 22, 1743.* I preached at Norton, five miles from Ferrybridge, and in the evening at Sykehouse. . . .  
*Wed. 23.* I rode to Leeds; preached in the evening and morning, *Thursday 24,* and went on to Bristol, where I preached at one in the afternoon; and again about seven in the evening. *Friday 25.* At the desire of Arthur Bate I rode to Wakefield. . . . After an hour or two we rode on to Barley-Hall, where I preached on, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." Thence we rode to Sheffield, where I preached, in perfect peace, on, "We know that we are of God."

So the amazing story proceeds.

He tells of the enormous congregation at St. Mary's, Oxford, and wonders why they come. He talks complacently of an audience of 10,000 in the City of London, and of 20,000 at Kennington!

At the age of eighty-six he preaches day after day in Cornwall and Somerset, frequently more than once in the day, and on one occasion to upwards of 25,000 persons. A few months later he writes: "I doubt I must not hereafter attempt to preach more than twice a day!"

Revival of course was in the air, and that fact alone counts for much in the attendance on preaching. Samuel Wesley drew just as largely on occasions as his brother, but the extraordinary success of John, and the permanent results of his preaching, could only have come from one who possessed the gift in a high degree. Johnson loved a chat with Wesley and admitted "He can talk well on any subject." The difficulty was to secure him. "He is never at leisure," says the sage. "He is always obliged to go at a certain hour. This is very disagreeable to a man who loves to fold his legs and have out his talk, as I do." This is not a bad testimony to Wesley's intellectual equipment. Southey goes further and calls the sermon on Free Grace, "a

triumphant specimen of empassioned argument."

No one can come to the sermons without realizing their intense fervor, nor being struck with their strongly practical teaching; Wesley is almost alone too in his frequent references to authors. Hutcheson's treatises on beauty and virtue, the poems of Cowley, Herbert and Prior, and the books of Sterne, Addison, Law, and Chesterfield, not to mention Greek and Latin authors, are a few of those mentioned in the discourses. All this, of course, is interesting, but does not explain Wesley's success. I think that can be done in one word: Vision.

Wesley's younger colleague, the orator of Methodism, George Whitefield, was a man of different mould. Possessed of a voice of uncommon sweetness and compass, a man of strong imagination, and with great dramatic power, he was able not only to attract the multitude, but win the attention of the great. Bolingbroke writes to Lady Huntingdon, "Mr. Whitefield is the most extraordinary man in our times. He has the most commanding eloquence I ever heard in any person."

Hume gives the instance of the preacher's addressing the angel Gabriel for the soul of one sinner, and says, "the act surpassed anything I ever saw or heard in any other preacher." Chesterfield was sufficiently carried away with his zeal and eloquence to contribute £20 to the Bristol Tabernacle. Lyttelton, Pitt, and Lord North are a few of his distinguished contemporaries who were attracted to his preaching.

He has a wonderful way of appealing to the audience at the outset by fixing on some common ground of agreement. In the sermon on St. Luke xiv, 22, for example, he begins thus: "Though here is a large and solemn assembly, yet I suppose you are all convinced that you are not to live in this world always."

Whitefield was by no means a "morality" preacher, but of the "Fifty-seven sermons on various important subjects" a considerable number are on practical matters. One is directed against swearing, and the preacher favors the intervention of the secular arm. Another is on drunkenness, but he was not an advocate of total abstinence. A third deals with the duty of family prayers. "Playhouses" come in for a share of abuse. They are "nurseries of debauchery. . . . The bane of the age, and the destruction of those who frequent them." Ministers go to them disguised and "are afraid of being seen in their gowns and cassocks." The severity of this diatribe is a little modified when we consider that Leslie Stephen, commenting on a like criticism of William Law's, remarks that "Pruriency and cynicism are the best qualifications for a thorough enjoyment of the Congreve school of comedy." A more hopeful side of the subject is Garriek's friendship with Bishops Warburton and Newton and the last honor to the actor in Westminster Abbey.

"Every Minister," said Whitefield, "should be a Boanerges, a son of thunder, as well as a Barnabas, a son of consolation," and strongly as he inveighed against social evils, he reserved his mightiest thunderings for the awakening of the sinner to his immortal need. Even read in cold print there is a vigor about his call which can give us some idea of original utterance. Coming to the close of his sermon on "Walking with God," this is how he proceeds:

And now what shall I, or indeed what can I, well say more, to excite you, even you that are yet strangers to Christ, to come and walk with God? If you love honor, pleasure, or a crown of glory, come, seek it where alone it can be found. Come, put ye on the Lord Jesus. Come, haste ye away

and walk with God, and make no longer provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lust thereof. Stop, stop, O sinner! Turn ye, turn ye, O ye unconverted men! for the end of that way you are now walking in, however right it may seem in your blinded eyes, will be death, even eternal destruction both of body and soul. Make no long tarrying, I say; at your peril, I charge you, step not one step further on in your present walk. For how knowest thou, O man, but the next step thou takest may be into hell? Death may seize thee, judgment find thee, and then the great gulf will be fixed between thee and endless glory, forever and ever.

The awakening of England which resulted from the preaching of Wesley and Whitefield led to a movement within the Church of England no less remarkable and far-reaching than the founding of Methodism. I refer, of course, to what is known as the Evangelical Revival. It was impossible that the efforts of two such mighty clergy, who with all their apparent disregard of ecclesiastical order vowed unshaken loyalty to the establishment, could be without their effect on the institution from which they sprang. That effect was the movement which, different from the Methodist in questions of order and points of doctrine, remained loyal to the Church, and profoundly affected the spiritual and social life of the country.

The names of many connected with its rise and growth are household words today. Cowper, Wilberforce, Young of *Night Thoughts* celebrity; James Hervey whom we all know but never read, Henry Venn the Missions pioneer, John Newton the hymnist, Scott the Commentator, the two Milners, and Charles Simeon. Less known are Grimshaw, Berridge, Cecil, and Thomas Gisborne.

The outstanding preacher of the movement was undoubtedly Romaine, the lecturer of St. Dunstan in the West and Rector of St. Andrew Wardrobe in

Blackfriars. That he should have been chosen Gresham Professor of Astronomy and that he should have published a new edition of Calasio's Hebrew Lexicon are testimonies enough to his learning and scientific attainments. Mr. Lecky has made us familiar with the crowds that flocked to hear him, and with the scene at St. Dunstan's, Romaine holding a lighted taper before the upturned faces, since the church wardens refused to light the building as a protest against the popularity of the lectures! At Hanover Square a similar objection was made by the smart folk ousted from their accustomed places, and jostled by the rag-tag and bobtail of town. The *Gentleman's Magazine* gives us a picturesque account of his funeral, the City Marshals preceding on horseback the long line of men, children, and carriages, and tells of the dense crowds on the footpaths.

Probably the most important work left by Romaine was the collection of Discourses on "The Law and the Gospel." The copy I have is dated 1788, seven years before his death, and is the third edition. In the preface Romaine states his position clearly enough. Among all the mistakes on religion nothing he says is more destructive than those concerning the law and the Gospel. The Supreme Being has the right to make laws for His creatures. These laws as the copy of His mind can never change. The moral law revealed in Paradise to Adam demanded perfect obedience. This obedience has been universally denied. No amount of tears or reformation can avail to evade punishment. The world is therefore guilty before God, and there can be no salvation by the law. To plead that we have only offended in some points is to plead guilty, "For a part is not the whole. And the law insists upon the whole." Sincerity of purpose avails nothing, the law demands obedience and says nothing of sincerity. Christ

is not come to publish a new law of milder purpose, but to save people from the sins committed against the old. He is a Saviour and not a Law-giver. He thus glorifies in Himself the moral law, and shows that only His perfect obedience can give men the necessary righteousness.

The Gospel is salvation from the law. It brings glad tidings to the sinner. It bestows the perfect righteousness that the law demands. It presents a free gift, which knows nothing of qualifying works. The law of faith makes a man righteous. If he dies under the guilt of broken law he perishes. If he is made partaker of grace he lives in heaven. The law is not abrogated, however, it is unalterable, but a new spirit is required to make us conform to it, and this spirit enables us to see its entire goodness.

I need scarcely say that many who deserved a prominent place in this paper have been excluded more from want of space than from lack of appreciation. It is like sacrilege to make only passing references to Horsley, to whose sermons at St. James's, Piccadilly, "the whole town flocked to listen," or that earlier preacher at the same church, Samuel Clarke, the Arian. Tempting is it, too, to linger over Bishop Bull, or Bishop Porteus, The National Review.

whose "admirable sermon, rational, judicious, forcible, and truth-breathing, and delivered with a clearness, stillness, grace, and propriety that softened and bettered us all," so won the heart of Madame D'Arblay. Then there is the Nonconformist Robert Hall with his marvelous address on the Princess Charlotte; Swift, who was a better preacher according to Johnson than he took credit for, Bishop Smalridge, Jeremiah Seed, Archbishop Wake, Sherlock, "that lawyer in a cassock" as Leslie Stephen calls him, and the dissenter immortalized in Pope's satires:

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
ten metropolitans in preaching well.

Enough! Let us hope that an indulgent editor will enable these omissions to be rectified! The crowd of the less famous must remain in obscurity, editor or no editor. Some, like Stebbing, Peter Newcome, Robert Newton, John Leng, William Berriman, are saved from extinction by the Dictionary of National Biography. Others like Thomas Bishop, Mainwaring, Knight, Bisse, Sloss, and a hundred more, are perforce content with the dusty hospitality of English bookshelves.

Alas, if even this humble fate be denied to their twentieth-century successors!

Charles Haldon.

## THE KING-MAKERS.

### CHAPTER II.

#### THE BOY—Continued.

It was an unfrequented road, and the danger of recognition was not great; nevertheless the King sought to avoid it as far as he might. When meeting or passing pedestrians he took care to avert his face, while the occupants of the few vehicles he encountered noticed only a cycling tourist with down-bent

head. In this way he covered a league or so, and came to a place where a quiet stretch of road was shadowed by a wood. Finding an entrance among the trees, he made his way to a secluded spot on the edge of a small stream.

He was hot from the exercise, hot with the spirit of adventure. In a few minutes he had spread before him the contents of the intruder's valise, which he found to be very much what he had



expected and hoped. The clothing he took no heed of then; but the shaving materials were of immediate interest; they were of respectable quality, and the brook gave him all else that was necessary. In ten minutes the mirror showed a countenance amazingly changed, incredibly younger. Then, indeed, he had crossed his Rubicon.

"Excellent!" he murmured with intense relief.

This done, he made further investigation. There seemed to be nothing in the valise that might not be useful in his new and irresponsible rôle, nothing that could be described as cumbersome. On the other hand, there was nothing really valuable except a large purse which lay neglected at the bottom, and which he found to contain three gold coins and a little paper money. Probably the intruder's remaining wealth had been carried upon his person in some more convenient receptacle. At all events he would not need it now. Perhaps the most interesting item was an envelope containing two papers, which had apparently been placed in the valise because they were not immediately required. The first paper was an ordinary passport form, made out in the name of Charles Segel of Belgrade, described as tourist, aged twenty-five years, medium height and weight, fair complexion, of Serbian nationality, and of the Christian religion. The King read the description with particular interest.

"Almost as much mine as yours, Charles!" he said sweetly; and then he opened the other paper. His interest deepened when he found that this was another passport, complementary to the first, and marked "Special." Bearing his own seal, and signed in Premier Rubin's own hand as Minister of the Interior, it commanded all the officials and dependents of the kingdom of Zorne to treat the otherwhere described Charles Segel as a special servant of the

State, to assist him in his journey, to further him in his mission, and to afford him any aid, information, or assistance he might require, on production of this pass, the cost thereof to be charged to the Office of the Interior.

"H'm!" said the King, not a little impressed; "this would take the man anywhere—even to my own palace! It almost accounts for his amazing impertinence. One of Rubin's secret agents, no doubt; perhaps the chief of them. And yet—and yet that would not account for his impertinence to me! The situation becomes more and more amusing, but more and more bewildering!"

He carefully deposited the papers about his person, and took possession of the purse by a similar process. "It is not strange," he reflected, "that a simple Socialistic principle like that of my friend should become popular. It has a certain human interest which would make an appeal to almost anyone! And now for the road again."

Confident in his new disguise, he made no further effort at concealment, and was justified by covering the six or seven miles to his own capital without interruption. Up till now he had no plans, and was satisfied without them. The exhilaration of his escape the delightful miscarriage of the plot, the sudden and extraordinary break in his iron chain, were enough for the time. For a while he was free to run his own course and to seek his own ends. So far, there was no end other than a day or two of freedom. Raschadt was full of people who might be expected to know their King, but it was also full of strangers. It was as safe for him as any place in Zorne. At the moment he was entirely under the influence of some dare-devil strain inherited from those distant progenitors of his who had battled so recklessly against the Turks, backed by an unuttered resolve that he would never

return to his bonds—no, never! He did not know what would happen at last, but for the present he would be a spectator at a play that was certain to be interesting!

In a little while he was a gray unit in an increasing volume of traffic on the great new road that pierced the suburbs and shot straight to the city's heart. He did not inquire his way, for in this case it was impossible to lose it. Then the suburbs were passed, and the warm, red-roofed old city climbed its gentle hill towards the citadel—a quaint and very lovable old city, where the new waged a noisily aggressive battle against the old. The King was one of the new things; but he rejoiced in the red roofs and the long, low windows.

His vague plans had rest and refreshment in the forefront, and it was thus that he found the "Silver Heart." His wandering eye perceived it just off the main street, all red-tiled like so much of the old city, and with tables set in a small garden-courtyard to the left of the main entrance. Lightly and cheerfully the King wheeled his bicycle into the enclosure, and deposited it by a table which stood in the shade. Then he sat down, and immediately struck a hand-bell which stood before him.

A rotund waiter appeared, beaming. "Speak English?" queried the King without a second's hesitation. For his mood now was a curious compound of the whimsical and the sardonic.

"Ye-es, sir," said the waiter with a smile. He was a Frenchman.

"Then, beer," said the King, with a great sigh of relief, "and—bread—and—cheese!"

They were brought, more or less according to order (for in Zorne they know no beer but lager), and his Majesty refreshed himself with an appetite delightfully keen. One by one the few other customers went out, some of them nodding their friendliness to the English tourist as they passed.

And the King rested, the subdued noises of the old city rolling by at a respectful distance.

The waiter came back, benign and cheerful. The King envied the man because he looked so round and happy.

"Well, friend," he said, "is the 'Silver Heart' a good house for Englishmen? And can I have a room here?"

"Most certainly, sir. It is a beautiful house—extremely. I will call the master."

The master came, aglow with good humor, to welcome the new guest, and the waiter, who had spent a winter in England, acted as interpreter. Formalities were few, and in a little space his Majesty, with Segel's traveling-case in his hand, followed the master into the house. In a book in the hall he wrote, in a bold, flowing hand that was not his own, the famous name, "Peter Robinson, London," and immediately afterwards found himself light-heartedly examining the plain but comfortable furnishings of a small room on the south side of the "Silver Heart," with a glimpse of the main street and the market square obtainable from its neatly curtained window. And this little room was his shelter and his home during the days that followed, when the history of his throne and kingdom unrolled itself before his astonished gaze in a series of startling and instructive pictures.

The series began so soon that he had no time to review fully his own position; and once it had begun, it moved so rapidly that he could only watch in almost speechless admiration. The moving spirit in that gay panorama flashed the scenes on to the obedient pages of the two daily newspapers, the *Gazette* and the *Herald*. There was no uncertainty in the presentation, no doubt as to the character of the story. A Council was held at the City Hall late on the night of the disappearance, the old Secretary having come up post-

haste from Château Rombard and summoned the available members by telegraph. Next morning the *Gazette* and the *Herald* published each a special sheet with the flaring headlines:

FLIGHT OF THE KING.

ESCAPE BY SEA.

AMAZING SITUATION.

And the news had scarcely found time to go outside the city gates before the later editions were ready with their further instalments. It was then that the people learned all the stages which had led to their young monarch's unprincipled desertion of his duty, his growing petulance and impatience, culminating in brutal insults to his most devoted Ministers; his intractability, and his deepening distaste for the routine duties of the throne; his hours of sulky indolence in the summer-house on the cliff. The means of his flight were too simple to require discussion. There was the cliff-path always at hand, and there were the marks of a boat in the shingle. Also, some one had noticed during the day a small steam-yacht lying off the coast under the shelter of the Orphan. And the King had given some hint in his last interview with his valet. "I must get away," he had said. "I must get away at once."

What more required to be told? What more, indeed, except the *Gazette's* interview with the Premier, in which that statesman showed himself at his unsurpassable best? Shocked, depressed, and disappointed indeed he was; but his spirit was still undaunted, his courage was still unbroken. He refused with dignity to discuss or even to describe the King's misconduct. He even excused him generously on the plea that he had been called too young and too untrained to his exalted place, lacking the knowledge that place was another name for responsibility. But the people must not be dismayed, must not even be disturbed. It was

just possible, of course, that a perfectly rational explanation would be forthcoming, and no one who loved Zorne would care to discuss the absent King's conduct in the meantime. It was their plain duty to hope for the best. In any case, the public interests were in loyal and faithful keeping. The Executive Council had met, and the Senate had been summoned; and an apparently casual note in another place reminded the readers that Conrad had been only one of three favored candidates for the throne, and that the other two were still living—Prince Max of Swarzfeld and the Duke Ernest of Cromburg. It was for the Senate to deal with this most amazing but not altogether hopeless situation. In the meantime the most thorough investigation was being made.

"H'm!" said the King, who had read all these doings with considerable interest, and was almost convinced, at times, that everything told of him was true. "I never thought half enough of Rubin! He is certainly not such a fool!"

That thorough investigation was supremely successful, for it discovered, in the King's favorite volume of poems in the Pavilion, a penciled note in his Majesty's own hand. Even the Premier was forced to admit that it was Conrad's scrawl, though he did so with great reluctance. Some attempt was made to hold back the contents, but there was no resisting the clamor of the public; and when the public obtained the truth it reeled with dismay, and then danced with frenzied indignation. "Take back your crown," ran this interesting message. "I have no further use for it. In haste.—CONRAD." And when the King had read those words he was bound to admit that they afforded a very fair indication of his own mood on that unfortunate afternoon, and on many other occasions. He almost wondered, indeed, whether he had not actually written them!

History tells us that the Senate met on the third day. The King was one of the great concourse of people that gathered in the market-place and along the hill to see them pass up to the citadel. The Senate, of course, were ostensibly the king-makers on this occasion; but he noticed others present who were likely to feel a keen interest in the proceedings; notably, the Ambassadors of those Central Empires, which, after the great war, had been forced to let little Zorne choose its own King and Constitution. When he saw them he recalled inevitably some well-known scripture which mentions the eagles and the carcass in the same pregnant phrase.

Next morning, after a somewhat restless night, he read in the *Gazette* a fairly full report of the Senate's deliberations, and was more than ever convinced of Rubin's ability. He saw much that was beautiful in the Premier's handling of the situation, every incident working like a move in a well-played game. Finally, a large majority carried a resolution declaring the throne vacant, and empowering the Executive to deal with the matter forthwith; and to convene the Senate further when they had a proposal to make. Only the King's small and negligible party, desperate and sullen, abstained from voting, and the Premier created a considerable sensation by joining them in that course. All the reports agreed that his whole bearing betrayed grief and depression to an extreme degree.

"Better and better," said the King. "If Rubin had only been satisfied to be my Premier, what a Premier he would have made! Or if I had only been satisfied to let him alone! I suppose my successor will be Max of Swarzfeld. Things are pointing that way, and from what I have heard of him he will be more to Rubin's taste. He will not trouble to make foolish plans! Now, what shall I do today?"

For want of better occupation he went to see the lions of the city. During those days there was generally a large group of tourists and idlers before a full-length portrait by the French painter Renier, in Room VI of the Art Gallery in the City Hall. This was a portrait of Conrad I, crowned and in his state robes, and the curator of the gallery spent much time in noting and answering the questions and remarks of visitors or critics.

On this particular morning he had a curious experience with a little group of English and American travelers, one of whom, an attractive-looking youth, lost no opportunity of acquiring knowledge and airing his views.

"Say," he cried over the shoulder of a portly lady whom the curator supposed to be his mother, "why did they have such a young man for a King? Why not somebody a bit staid-like—like your Prime Minister?"

"The kingdom also is young, sir," said the curator stiffly.

"But why such a feather-headed kind of a fellow?" persisted the questioner, to the evident dismay of the portly lady. "What had he to recommend him?"

The curator flushed and stammered. He had several languages, but was not expert in all of them.

"There were others considered of," he said nervously. "Two other princes had much weight. But we wanted a pure Zornese for Zorne; was it not highly proper? And the King was the last of a noble family, once a bulwark against the Turks. More, he was reported of a good spirit, generous, brave. Our hopes in him were considerable."

"Much good he has done you!" was the candid comment. "But what's the next step? Who's this Prince Max? Is he Zornese too?"

"He has Saxon blood also," said the curator coldly.

"I see. Is he a good sort?"

"We know little of him, sir."

"Then you'd better get to know more. It seems that the Premier's settled on him for the next king. Eh?"

"You did not see that in the papers?" cried the curator almost resentfully.

"Did you expect me to be able to read the local press? I got that by thinking. Isn't it true?"

"It is the Senate that decides," was the indignant retort.

"Then the Senate had better make haste, that's all. I believe the Premier hasn't lost any time. He'll settle this little affair before the Senate can say 'Peter Robinson.'"

Then the group broke up, and the poor curator, shocked and bewildered, retired to refresh himself. A little reflection enabled him to smile over the memory of the conversation and the amazing indiscretions of "those Americans"; but when he noticed, a little later, that the portly American lady had another companion, and that the young man, after wandering about alone for a little while, left the hall without rejoining her, a somewhat disturbing suggestion or shadow of a suggestion occurred to him. He returned to the King's portrait, and studied it with infinite care for some time. Then he shook his head, and resolved that the suggestion was so preposterous that he could not dare to mention it to anyone. Fortunately he held to this prudent course until the story could do neither harm nor good to any of the persons who might have been interested in it.

In this and similar ways had the King filled his long hours of leisure; but it now became necessary that he should decide upon some definite course. His freedom had been decreed by resolution, and there was no object to be gained by remaining in Raschadt. His supply of gold was rapidly vanishing, while it was impossible to claim his own personal wealth even from the bankers and yet preserve his incognito. Moreover,

it could not be long before the abductors discovered that they had trapped the wrong bird—so far, they had given no sign; and as Rubin had gone too far to retreat, the situation would become more exciting than safe. Something must be done, and at the end of that memorable week it was impossible to retrace his steps, even had he wished to do so. The swift current of events had put that out of the question. Besides, he saw now that his own conduct on that day of trial was utterly beyond explanation. Even if it were credited, it would leave him ridiculous forever.

"Well," he mused, "I have the whole world before me, but no special desire to go anywhere. It is quite as difficult as having nowhere to go. I wonder what Rubin would like me to do! It would be so simple and so safe to do the contrary!"

As he wondered thus, he was lounging in the hotel reading-room, turning the pages of an illustrated Viennese weekly which had arrived an hour before. It was chiefly interesting to him because it contained pictorial representations of the Zornese Crisis, and several excellent photographs of himself and of his coronation festival three years ago. He examined these with critical interest, and was glad that he had not only shaved, but had also had his abundant locks cropped close in the prevailing English fashion. Hardly anyone, even with the magazine in hand, would have identified him as the Little King who Ran Away. He observed that the Viennese journalist was emphatic in his opinion that Prince Max was the favorite for the throne of Zorne, and he was interested to read that since his own flight he had been seen both at Monte Carlo and at Naples.

"Some would take these names as guide-posts," he thought cheerfully. "But somehow they do not appeal. They are probably the places Rubin



would choose for me. Let us see further."

It was at this moment that he found himself under observation, and at once realized that he had been under observation for some time. A gentleman of prosperous but unassuming exterior came up to the table as if to look for a journal. Apparently the journal he wanted was the one Conrad was using.

"Pardon me," said the intruder civilly, "you have not finished with it?"

He spoke in French, and Conrad answered in the same language. "Yes," he said, "you may have it."

But the intruder still waited. "You are English, sir, I understand. May I ask if you are long from England?"

Conrad was immediately on the alert, but he gave no sign of suspicion.

"Not long," he said pleasantly, and left the room immediately after. He remembered that yesterday he had met this person in the corridor near his own room, and that previous to that meeting he had seen him examining with close interest the list of visitors to the "Silver Heart." He was not greatly alarmed, for the possession of Rubin's comprehensive pass should be sufficient for the present; but he saw that his position must become untenable in the near future.

He awaited with interest the next move on the part of his pursuer, and was not surprised when it came that same evening at supper. He occupied a small corner table which he had selected on the day of his arrival, and which his friendly waiter had always reserved for him since; but he had scarcely

Chambers's Journal.

(To be continued.)

W. E. Cule.

commenced his meal when the person who had previously addressed him came into the room. He made a detour to reach his victim, and addressed him familiarly, though quite respectfully, in English; "It is a fine evening."

The King merely bowed. His English, he knew, should be passable, for he had obtained some of it, at considerable pains, at Oxford; but he did not know why this person wished to hear it.

"We are having a beautiful summer," said the persecutor blandly.

This time the King did not bow. He stared straight through the bulk of his tormentor with a rude unconsciousness that he knew to be thoroughly English. Several persons who saw that stare were sorry for the other party to the scene; but, utterly unabashed, he made one more effort: "May I ask, sir, if you know London well?"

At that moment the waiter came near, and Conrad beckoned to him. "Remove my meal to another table," he said calmly. "I am not comfortable here."

The waiter obeyed, asking no questions and making no sign; the other visitors stared, all agog; and the intruder, after a moment's disconcerted silence, subsided into his own chair at a little distance.

Conrad settled himself with satisfaction that was strongly mixed with uneasiness. "That was English too, I think," he said to himself. "But the atmosphere of Raschadt is becoming close and oppressive. Evidently I must go. Rubin's fishermen would not make the same blunder twice."

## PORTUGAL BELLIGERENT.

At last Great Britain's oldest Ally has been enabled to join in defending the rights of the smaller nations. Portugal's entry into the War has been

stimulated by the fact that her adhesion was desirable to the decisions taken at the Paris Economic Conference and the recent visit of her Finance and

Foreign Ministers to London has resulted in a scheme for her active co-operation. Its military side remains to be revealed; its financial features were outlined at the special sitting of the Portuguese Chambers. They are given most fully by the Lisbon correspondent of the *Temps*. Portugal, towards the end of 1914, engaged to give military aid to the Allies in Africa; the engagement is now extended to Europe. Our Government promises to advance all the money needed for any expenditure directly connected with the war and judged to be necessary by both Governments. The advances, according to the *Temps* report, will be made in British Treasury bonds. They will be repayable two years hence out of the proceeds of an external loan to be raised by Portugal and "favored" by the British Government. Of the German ships requisitioned by Portugal, Great Britain was prepared to purchase those which Portugal can spare for £3,000,000, but Portugal has preferred that we should merely hire them (at 14s 3d per ton gross, according to a subsequent telegram to the *Temps* from Lisbon) taking the risks of loss and paying the crews. These explanations were given by the Finance Minister, Senhor Affonso Costa; and Senhor Soarès, the Foreign Minister, stated that Great Britain cordially invited Portugal to co-operate actively in the war in Europe in whatever measure she should see fit to do so, and that the War Council has already been consulted as to the form that such co-operation can best assume. The Ministerial proposal was formally approved by the Chambers by an almost unanimous vote. Some of the Unionist party, which represents mainly the richer middle classes, and has stood aloof from the present Coalition Government, abstained from voting, their leader, M. Brito Camacho, arguing that Portugal had already offered to

enter the war. But this offer, made towards the end of 1914, extended only to co-operation in Africa. One Socialist deputy voted in the negative. But the Ministerial case for entering the war is a strong one on several grounds.

Portugal had long been unpleasantly conscious, especially as regards Madeira, of the commercial "penetration" practised by Germany, and her historic pride in her colonies had been wounded before the war by the current rumor of an Anglo-German arrangement to take advantage of her financial needs by offering to buy them. Early in the war a German inroad into Angola produced the first Portuguese offer to help, in conformity with her secular British alliance; but there was then no favorable opportunity, and subsequently the attention of successive Ministries was fully occupied at home. The bitter conflict between the Democrats, who set up the Republic, and the more moderate Evolutionists, representing in the main the rural population, and supporting or supported by the great bulk of the Army, was settled by the naval rising of May, 1915, followed by the Democratic victory at the general election. But the mutual hostilities of the three parties, the abortive Monarchist insurrection last September, and the continued instability of the Democratic Cabinet, militated for the time against a vigorous foreign policy. Domestic differences, however, were sufficiently healed to permit the Evolutionists to form a joint Ministry with the Democrats last March; and the Unionists are understood to be ready to enter the Coalition whenever Portugal participates actively in the war. A National Ministry may therefore now be expected, and its formation will avert a fresh domestic dispute. The Republican Constitution of 1911 provides for its own revision after five years, and the Evolutionists demanded that the President should be given the

right to dissolve Parliament, believing that fresh elections would give them a fuller representation than they obtained at last year's general election, which followed closely on the Democratic triumph by force. The revision is only optional, and the question is now postponed for five years more, when success in war will probably have consolidated the Republic. Moreover, a German victory would almost certainly menace its existence. The Monarchists, being reactionary and ultramontane, would welcome a German-made restoration; and the Royal Family are German in origin. But the Spanish pro-German Ultramontanes support an "Iberian Union," which would either incorporate the two kingdoms, or would reduce Portugal to vassalage, probably under a more reactionary King of Spain than Alfonso XIII. These dangers may be remote, but the forces of the Republic are well employed in helping the Allies to render their realization impossible.

Military preparations began some time ago. An entire division, some 22,000 men, has been mobilized, and  
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has had three months' training in camp at Tancos; another is about to take its place, and a third will follow in due course. More than one theatre of the war in which these troops may be useful will suggest itself to the reader, and we do not think that any apprehension need be felt as to the ability of Portugal to raise the loan needed two years hence. Her actual debt is relatively heavy, but the price of her stocks has not been exceptionally affected by the war; she has large undeveloped resources, and she is freed forever, let us hope, from the grotesque waste and corruption which marked her last days as a kingdom. Her politicians agree in recognizing her need of internal development, extended irrigation, more roads, and railways, better elementary, secondary and technical education, and also, it is stated, in desiring that her colonial policy shall be "as British as possible." This aspiration, coupled with her closer relation with Great Britain, will allay, we hope, any apprehension of the recurrence of the West African contract labor scandals of a few years ago.

### THE MEANING OF VICTORY.

The worst effect of a long war is probably the tendency to regard its continuance with less mental surprise than its termination. The momentum of many months' concentration on the achievement of a military decision tends to deaden our sense to the signs of any other sort of victory. It is because such a preoccupation is, under the circumstances, not wholly ignoble that it is so dangerous. Confronted with an enemy who seems to put aside almost every dictate of humanity, the common feeling of the nation is that he must be thoroughly beaten; that it is base to count the cost when the duty is so imperative. But we have no right

to forget what we are fighting for, to miss the reality of victory in looking for its conventional signs. History may imitate but does not repeat itself; and the problem before us is new, not only because it is fresh in its material aspect, but still more because the developed moral sense of today has changed the objective war in the minds of progressive peoples.

The changed tone of the German press gives point to these reflections. The German newspapers show a new and unfamiliar modesty in their statement of their country's aims. Thus, the great Socialist paper, "*Vorwärts*," publishes a long extract from the "*Mil-*

tärwochenblatt" that makes a strong appeal for unity and restraint of criticism. Germany is passing through a "most difficult and stormy" period, and the goal is, "as quickly as possible, to secure as favorable a peace as possible." In themselves, the words are an echo of a saying of Frederick the Great, but we cannot imagine a German soldiers' paper so stating the purpose of war two years ago. They are nearer the mind of the statesman than of the soldier, and their appearance in the "Militärwochenblatt" is therefore a sign which we cannot neglect. A more definite conclusion seems to flow from the suggestions in an article in the "Cologne Gazette," that the Germans will go on fighting until they win from us an admission of their equal and full rights, and the abandonment of the desire to destroy them. Does not this suggest that, in the view of the writer, the German people have no further mind for war than the justification of their right to exist? The formula is of the simplest character, and the appeal is to the basic instinct in all vigorous peoples. When a nation varies its theme from "woe to those who withstand my will" to a demand that we admit their equality of rights, and abandon what no one seriously contends for, it seems to approach a change of temper so fundamental that other readjustments appear to be almost a matter of detail.

But the most arresting of these milestones on the road of German disillusionment about the war is a leading article of the Jewish editor, Herr Theodor Wolff, in the "Berliner Tageblatt." The paper has been suspended for publishing it; but the wonder is that it should have been written and issued at all. The article suggests, with slight ambiguity, that the German "rulers" could have prevented war, and that the idea of a German annexation of the Flanders coast "horrifies" The Nation.

the writer. Its evident intent is to indicate a radical divergence from the war philosophy of Bernhardi. "After the horror of the events," wrote Herr Wolff, "has done away forever with the poetry of the fresh merriness of war, it will be necessary, above all else, to put an end to the comfortable theory of the inevitability of war." This is, perhaps, a nearer return to the Germany that the world recognized as a humane and civilized power than any utterance of her journalism since the war began. Has Germany then begun to suspect her monstrous philosophy of war as a biological necessity, an inevitable means of development for the national organism; her theory of the decadence of nations which disliked war and were not prepared to cast their entire mould of civilization in expectation of it? At least there are signs that this German heresy is moribund, and we take that to be the most hopeful reflection of the present phase of the war. For what is it we set out to do and still propose to ourselves? We do not think that it is merely the vision of driving broken troops across the Rhine which inspires our soldiers. When all this had been done we should still have to ask ourselves, What then? What we are really looking for is the breaking of one kind of German will and the emergence of another. Whatever the formulæ in which we express victory, it would be illusory without this conversion of spirit. With it the ruins of European civilization may yet be repaired, and a new international polity arise from the dust. The seed of this and all past wars lies in the predatory elemental instincts of man. But while we can claim without Pharisaism that they have been cultivated with reluctance here, they were fostered with gladness in Imperial Germany as the sign of a new moral order. If Germany can exorcise that spirit in herself, no one will grudge her that victory.

## THE DUBLIN COMMUNE AND ITS LEADERS.\*

The holding-up of the Irish capital in the Easter week of this year by a congerie of men armed with rifles and bombs against immensely superior military forces equipped with artillery is one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of rebellion in any country, and finds but an insufficient parallel in the Paris of the Commune, where the Communards formed a much greater percentage of the population, and where the troops directed against them had a lesser homogeneity. Estimates of the number of Sinn Feiners who raised the flag of an Irish Republic vary, some recorders saying 4,000 and others 2,000. I am inclined to think that the number of actual fighting men at no time exceeded 1,600. The history of the rising is too clearly within recollection to need any close recapitulation, but it may be of interest to briefly touch on leading points. An Irish Republic was proclaimed in Dublin on Easter Monday, April 24, at 12 noon. The General Post Office was seized at that hour precisely, and the Four Courts occupied. At the same time, attacks were made on Dublin Castle and the Bank of Ireland (the old Parliament House). P. H. Pearse, who was at the head of the military operations, was proclaimed Commander-in-Chief and President of the Provisional Government, while James Connolly was declared Commander-General commanding the Dublin district. The attempt on the Castle was unsuccessful but the revolutionaries got command of the City Hall, from the windows and roof of which they were able to command the Castle Yard. They were able to seize two main railway-stations, and for a time had possession of Broadstones, the terminus of the Midland-

\*"The Irish Rebellion of 1916." By John F. Boyle. Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd. 4s 6d net.

Great Western; but they failed to capture the important railway termini at Kingsbridge and Amiens Street. They cut off all telegraphic communication with the provinces and with England, but did not destroy the telephone service. Had they silenced the latter, the revolt would have attained much greater dimensions, as Downing Street and the War Office would have had for a space no real knowledge of what was happening. Mr. Boyle points out that it was the plan of the insurgents to seize buildings, as nearly as they could, in the form of a circle, so as to have their movements as free as possible in the center of the city. Important buildings taken by them on the line of the circle, starting from Stephen's Green via Leeson Street and Portobello Bridge, were the South Dublin Union and a large distillery adjoining. The troops had desperate difficulty in recapturing these positions. By a strange irony, the officer who led the attack on the South Dublin Union, Major Sir Francis Vane, was a great grandson of one of the patriots of '98, and a lineal descendant of the famous Lord Clare who led the Irish Brigade in France against the soldiers of Marlborough. It may be mentioned in passing that Sir Francis Vane has lost his military rank since through urging on Sir John Maxwell that an impartial investigation should be made into the murder of Mr. Sheehy-Skeffington. Very fittingly the Sinn Feiners barricaded the windows of the Four Courts with "law-books of heavy size and with records in parchment." It is not often that case-law is so infused with red blood. On Easter Monday night, the revolutionaries held dominating positions, in the strategic sense, in Dublin, their sharp-shooters overlooking the Castle; and the police and military



had practically disappeared from the disturbed areas. On Easter Tuesday the population of Dublin, which had scarcely realized what had happened, awoke, as Mr. Boyle records, to the "sharp crackle of rifles, the rapid rattle of machine-guns, the bursting of shrapnel and of bombs." From this onward to the end of the week, the Sinn Feiners were to carry on a tremendous resistance to the military by means of skilfully-planned street fighting, the sharp-shooters making their way from house to house by openings in the partition walls. Professor John MacNeill, who in his paper had been for weeks indicating the strategy of this deadly species of in-fighting, was not behind the barricades. He had surrendered himself to the police before the first shot was fired, and had endeavored also to suppress the rising. This may have been wise and humane, but it was not consistent or courageous. How different MacNeill's attitude from the many hundreds of young men, mere boys, who came in from the Irish provinces to Dublin for the Easter holidays! These, like the sun-burned sons of Marseilles in the mid-tempest of blood of the great French Revolution, were "men who knew how to die," but, unlike the Marseillais, they did not know they were marching to their death. By Thursday the military realized that it would be a very long job to clear the sharp-shooters from all their points of vantage even by machine-gun fire from armored motor-cars, and it was decided to destroy the headquarters of the insurgents in and around the Post Office. Liberty Hall was shelled and ruined by the "Helga," a small gun-boat that came up the river for the purpose. The City Hall and the General Post Office were pounded to pieces by strong artillery fire. Soon the whole center of disturbance shot into a great flame.

At four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon, P. H. Pearse and James Con-

nolly, the leaders of revolt, surrendered to General Maxwell, urging upon him terms for their followers. Commandant de Valera, who led the revolutionaries in the Ringsend district, giving himself up, said, "Shoot me if you will, but arrange for my men."

One of the most indomitable and pathetic figures of the rising is that of Thomas J. Clarke, who was amongst the first three men shot. He was an old and unrepentant Fenian, seventy-four years of age, who had spent fifteen years of his life in penal servitude for complicity in dynamite outrages in the 'eighties. Returning to Ireland, he had for many years kept a little tobacconist's and newsagent's shop in Dublin, but when the trouble was on Ireland again he went into the fight with the enthusiasm of a boy, and as a tribute to his age and his spirit he was allowed to be the first signatory to the Republican Proclamation. The old man fought with relentless courage, and only surrendered on account of the young lives behind him. It is likely he died a happy man. He had probably got quite tired of selling ounces of tobacco and copies of the *Freeman's Journal*.

It is said of Pearse that he was not great as a soldier, but he had certainly a powerful and fascinating personality. He was thirty-six years of age, a barrister, and head-master of St. Edna's School, Rathfarnham. He was a Girondin, not a Jacobin; a visionary and a rhetorician. I am told by friends who heard him deliver the panegyric over the remains of O'Donovan Rossa, which were laid to rest in Glasnevin after having been carried across the Atlantic, that the effect of his speech was thrilling and electric in the extreme, and full of the nobility that marked the last public utterance of Robert Emmet.

Thomas MacDonagh was also a visionary. Like Pearse, he was a teacher, an M.A. of the National University, and a tutor of University College,

Dublin He was a writer of verse of the despairing type, seemingly modeled on the work of that erratic and mournful genius, Clarence Mangan. His work is simply steeped in pessimism, and he probably also was well content to die.

Another writer of note in Dublin who suffered the death penalty was Joseph Plunkett, son of Count Plunkett. He was at one time editor of the *Irish Review*, and was quite a charming spirit. His prison cell was the scene of an extraordinary romance, for there on the midnight before his execution he was married to Grace Gifford, a sister of the wife of Thomas MacDonagh.

John Dermott, or Sean MacDiarmada as he preferred to be called, was a fierce hater of England and all things English, and editor of a notorious publication called *Irish Freedom*. Like many fierce spirits, he was a constitutionally delicate man, lame in one leg. It is recorded that he faced the firing platoon with eagerness.

James Connolly, the strongest and most practical of the insurgent chiefs, was not predominantly an Irish-Irelander; but he was a very militant Socialist, and the author of a rather remarkable book entitled "Labor in Irish History." He is the man who did all the work of Syndicalist agitation in Dublin while James Larkin did all the talking. James, to quote our American cousins, was right there with the noise all the time. Connolly hated capitalists with an enduring hate, and Mr. Doyle gently remarks of him: "To die after causing them millions of loss in property would be to such a man a worthy end to merit." Unfortunately, it is generally the proletarians, not the capitalists, who have eventually got to foot bills of this description.

In point of sheer romance, the most picturesque and daring figure of the whole revolution was the Countess

Marcievicz. It is all very well to call the Countess a crank, a *poseuse*, a dangerous woman, and a lunatic. She may have been some of these things, but she had a strenuous joy of life and of fight. The Countess is one of those shining figures who could never have been conceived of outside the pages of historical romance. Extraordinary stories are told of the part she played in the rebellion, and her various disguises. Her headquarters were at the Royal College of Surgeons in Stephen's Green, where she was in command of 120 Sinn Feiners. You can picture her in her uniform of green, with a green hat and a green feather in it, carrying a light rifle in her hand, and giving gay words of encouragement to the disheveled men behind her. You can see her dauntlessly marching up to the opposing force, saluting the officer in command, putting her revolver to her lips, and handing it over to him before giving up her bandolier. It is only in real life that live women like the Countess Marcievicz are called silly. Within the pages of a novel men just love them. To me, she is a far more convincing and dramatic figure than Flora MacDonald. She brings one back to the days of the Fronde, to the booted-and-spurred Duchesse de Chevreuse.

The wholesale execution of the leaders of the Dublin Commune has done incalculable harm in Ireland in stimulating a spirit of foredoomed anarchy against the hopeful principle of national constitutionalism. It has caused a new river of blood to flow between Ireland and England which for two generations will prevent a complete reconciliation between the two countries. What can be said of the insurgents who died except that they perished for an impossible dream? The wistful bravery of their death recalls the simple and moving words that Yeats puts into the mouth of his

Cathleenna-Houlihan: "They that have red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my  
The New Witness.

sake, and, for all that, they will think they are well paid."

Louis J. McQuilland.

## ON BEING A SERVANT.

Occasionally one hears a mistress discoursing on the advantages of being a servant. It may be that servants are also to be found discoursing on the advantages of being a mistress. On the whole, however, it is the mistresses who have the ear of the house. Their grievances against servants would fill an epic. They are as melancholy as Hamlet as they recall how, time after time, some servant upon whom they have heaped innumerable benefits has proved unworthy. They can exchange anecdotes of the impudence, dishonesty and ingratitude of servants till the stars grow pale. One would imagine at times that the sweepings of the prisons had scattered themselves through the kitchens of London. And, if one has been the victim of a servant crisis at all recently in one's own household, one adds one's own little blazing anecdote to the bonfire of hatred. "They are such liars, says somebody. "And so wasteful," says somebody else. "And so utterly lazy," adds a third. "And so abominably rude," another puts in. "And as for dirt!" exclaims a fifth. And so one goes round the traditional circle of the domestic vices till one is restored to good humor.

We are not disposed to deny that much of the indictment is true. Most of the indictments of the poor are true. There are several millions of poor people in Europe, and it would be difficult to frame an indictment which would not catch at least a million of them. Human beings in the lump, we are often told, are miserable sinners, and the poor are just as sinful as anybody else, and, if anything, more miserable. Here and there a lucky mistress

discovers a lucky servant, and as a result they dwell in a world of sweet illusions. But few mistresses are lucky, and fewer servants. Even the lucky servant is unlucky in being a servant. One may wish one's daughter to be a peeress, or a painter, or a missionary, or even an actress. But, if one is even moderately ambitious, one does not aspire to see her settled for life as a domestic servant. The poor, indeed, are not allowed to be ambitious, and so they send their children into domestic service in large numbers. But there is only limited freedom of choice of professions for a poor girl. Most people, we fancy, will be astonished to learn from a report by Miss C. V. Butler on *Domestic Service*, just issued from the Women's Industrial Council, that, among 566 servants who replied to the Council's inquiries:—

6 per cent started service at twelve.			
11	"	"	thirteen.
23	"	"	fourteen.
17	"	"	fifteen.
12	"	"	sixteen.
10	"	"	seventeen.
7	"	"	eighteen.
6	"	"	twenty-five and over.

If these answers are at all representative, it means that a majority of domestic servants begin their career under the age of sixteen. There are many houses in which it is possible for children of this age to be used with some consideration on light tasks. But we are afraid that there are still a good many houses in which quite small girls are treated as little better than household slaves. We have in mind a nursing home in which a little girl of under sixteen used to go from room to room laying the fires and lighting them at seven in the morning,

and to spend the rest of the day running innumerable messages up and down stairs and carrying heavy weights like scuttles of coal. She was the beast of burden of a large house, and had as poor an outlook for health or happiness as the child chimney-sweepers who used to be such mournful figures in the social life of England. There are still sufficient numbers of thoughtless householders in existence to justify the vulgar in calling the servant—especially the young servant—the “slavey.” This is said to be especially the case in the houses of uneducated persons. Miss Butler quotes a cook as saying: “the better bred people, the *real* gentlefolk, do treat their employees as flesh and blood, the ‘jumped-up middle classes’ as *cattle*.” Even in what are regarded as good houses, however, the lot of the servant is seldom a matter for enthusiasm. Her working day is all day in a sense in which this is not true of a shop-girl or a female clerk in the Post Office. She has, no doubt, idle hours on her hands, and may read Shakespeare if she will in the kitchen while her mistress is drinking tea. But she is bound to the house as an old serf to the land. She cannot go sailing down the road for an hour in the middle of the day. She is not free for the evening, with its excitements of the streets, the cinemas, and the soldiers in the park. She has to live other people’s lives from the moment she gets up in the morning till the moment she goes back to bed. She is at best a well-kept prisoner, and in many cases she is not allowed to receive visitors in her cell. She has, as a rule, one “evening out” in the week besides every other Sunday, and, however deep she may be in love, she cannot see her lover oftener except by stealing five minutes at the gate. She may be allowed at settled times to bring him into the kitchen, but that is conceded

not as a right but as a privilege. And even then she is all the time at the beck and call of strangers. She lives, cooking other people’s meals, making other people’s beds, cleaning other people’s boots, dusting other people’s rooms. She may often have more comfort than other girls in her class, but she has less liberty. And, even as regards comfort, it is too often as little as a mean mistress can contrive to allow her. She is not always even allowed a separate bed or a Christian bedroom. An architect quoted by Miss Butler writes: “I fear that *sometimes* the space with no ventilation, marked in the plan passed by the authorities as a ‘boxroom,’ has been used as a servant’s bedroom. It is the lodging-house servant that is most frequently sinned against.” Inconsiderateness of this kind is, apparently, common enough to lead some servants to demand that Sanitary Inspectors should have authority to visit private houses and insist upon a minimum of light and air in the servants’ apartments. On the other hand, there are many excellent mistresses who would be glad of the assistance of the sanitary officers or anybody else in compelling their servants to take baths and sleep with open windows and live on something more wholesome than strong tea and pickles. The servant who refuses to eat mutton or does not like spinach or abhors stewed fruit is almost as frequent a phenomenon as the mistress who insists upon the kitchen living on food such as she would not permit to appear on her own table. This, perhaps, is simply an unconscious assertion of the love of liberty. The liberty to refuse salmon and eat a bloater instead is better than no liberty at all.

Certainly, it is the love of liberty which makes the cap and apron so unpopular among servants. People who are always denouncing Socialism on the ground that a Socialist Government

might suddenly order us all to wear ties of the same color, profess to be unable to understand the servant's objection to wearing a pretty cap on her head. It is pointed out that the soldier, the sailor and the policemen all wear uniforms, and that they walk about with none the less pride on that account. On the other hand, there are few uniforms which give the wearer so little authority as the domestic servant's. The servant's cap is, when all is said, the symbol of a despised caste. We do not mean that the servant is despised by her mistress, but that in many districts she is looked down upon by people of her own class. "Shop girls and business girls," we are told, "look down upon servants." The servant, least of all women, is her own mistress. There are even employers who insist upon having a veto on the clothes their servants wear on their "evenings out." It may be said that this is fair enough, as the servant has always the liberty at least to go somewhere else. And this, we think, is treasured as the most precious of all a servant's liberties. Servants are often reproached with ingratitude for changing houses. But it is only fair to remember that this is almost the only form of adventure permitted to them. "There is," we are told—is it a fairytale?—"some kind of Union to which footmen belong which forbids them remaining over two years in any situation." It is natural for men to travel from place to place. Servants gossip about their adventures in houses as travelers about their adventures in foreign lands. Here and there a servant remains in one house for half a lifetime. She develops loyalty like the loyalty of an old retainer. She becomes a patriot of the house, and is as proud of it as if she owned it. But this kind of patriotism becomes rarer every year. The younger generation knows less of duties and more of rights

than was the case fifty years ago. It is suspicious of its "betters" and their habit of arrogating all the pleasures to themselves and assigning all the duties to their "inferiors." It is often suspicious even of courtesy and the best intentions. Mistresses are despised for being too "soft" almost as frequently as they are hated for being too hard. They are regarded as equally guilty for trusting and distrusting their servants. Lady Willoughby de Broke, who contributes a chapter to Miss Butler's Report, advocates trust above all things. "Those houses," she writes, "where nothing is kept locked away from the servants are, I fancy, the most secure of all." On the other hand, we have known of servants who complained that their mistresses were too casual in leaving purses on the mantelpiece. It was regarded as exposing them unfairly to temptation.

The rebellion of women against domestic service is, on the whole, a good sign. Society had probably to be made uncomfortable before it would attend to their many causes of complaint. The home has now to compete with the office and the shop in attracting the services of women; and intelligent women will feel less and less inclined to hand themselves over for twenty-four hours a day to even the most considerate of employers. The wages we are now paying to domestic servants would have shocked our grandmothers, but even high wages are ceasing to be a sufficient attraction. Women go naturally into those trades in which they can best preserve their self-respect; and the conditions of domestic service do not always make for self-respect. Hence, with so many new openings for women's work, the more independent and intelligent sort of woman is not so commonly to be found in kitchens as she used to be. She may not want to practise scales or to play the flute, but she hates to be in a position where she



has not the same liberties as other people. Possibly, after some time, domestic service may be abandoned altogether by the poor, and may be transformed into a profession for ladies.

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But it will be under conditions of greater freedom than as yet prevail—or, indeed, can prevail—in English houses. We shall have both a different sort of servant and a different sort of treatment for servants.

## SOME ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

The excesses of the fanatic are ridiculous to the Englishman; he has that command of himself which the moralists of an older time especially ascribed to the wise man. In the eighteenth century, when enthusiasm was a depreciatory word, this good sense is clearly revealed. When fanatics proposed to raise a man from the dead in St. Paul's Churchyard, the authorities raised the objection, not that the miracle was impossible, but that the result would be a mob. Dr. Johnson, when he explained the advantages of talking to a king, put in the first place the fact that a man cannot be in a passion in such company. An odd saying, but it shows the characteristic English temper. It explains why England never had a French Revolution, though Marat probably got some of the fuel for that ghastly fire from John Wilkes. Novelists, especially Henry Seton Merriman, have erected the strong, silent Englishman into a type which is ludicrously overdone, but there is truth behind their caricature. This insular, phlegmatic manner is a peculiar thing, easily misconstrued, especially by Allies whose vivacity is perpetual and natural. "French nature is all wrong," said the English artists with whom Dickens conversed in 1855, and this keenest of observers made the outspoken comment:

"I never saw anything so strange. They seem to me to have got a fixed idea that there is no natural manner but the English manner (in itself so exceptional that it is a thing apart, in

all countries), and that unless a Frenchman—represented as going to the guillotine, for example—is as calm as Clapham, or as respectable as Richmond Hill, he cannot be right."

That short-sighted view we have long since, we hope, learned to put aside. But another distortion of the national temperament is being pressed upon us daily. The shrieking Press, full of trashy "optimism," does not represent the temper of the English people. Everyone who thinks at all knows it, and you can hear the fact proclaimed alike in the exclusive club and in that which caters for the coterie of the village. The village has a pretty shrewd idea of the public man it can trust; it holds no brilliance, but it is full of "long-enduring hopes." It has strong feelings about the maxim, "Blessed are the peace-makers," and, further, about that improvement of it long since invented for political circles, "Blessed are the place-makers."

The village and the town alike, apart from politics, are getting a little tired of the public moralist and the prophet. Mythology, as the excellent M. Bergeret explained, is deep-rooted in the popular mind, whereas truth is one and indivisible; mythology takes a multitude of varying and alluring forms; it wanders lively over the lips of men, but they do it lip service and little more. It is the solace of the moment, like the child's fairy-story, but it has no permanent hold and no lasting influence. But when this mythology takes the form of solemn and exact prediction, it

becomes merely ridiculous, and the fathers of it, if they ever claim serious attention, ought to be seriously punished for their egregious confidence. We sometimes wish that the stocks still existed for the public exhibition of some of our prophets and so-called experts. They rely on an infinitely forbearing public with a brief memory. The very multitude of their predictions conceals the number of their failures. Having proved that the Germans must long since have lost all their effective fighting force, they start again with new calculations and a new date for the end. They promise at the right moment (which never comes) the disclosure of wonderful secrets which are going to settle the war once and for all. When their special informant has revealed what nobody knows—it is literally a nostrum; only his paper has it—the issue will be “plain as way to parish church.” Even the silent Englishman is getting tired of this overdose of mythology, and one day he will arise and scatter the prophets. Their place will know them no more, and we can get to work with less futile interference.

But the prophet now, as in ancient days, is not merely a foreteller; he is a lecturer on society and morals too. The revival of the public moralist is not a welcome feature of this war. When Carlyle growled his last warning, that type of general missionary became obsolete. The man who stands at the parting of the ways and cries “No thoroughfare” down all of them can make a pretty reputation, but it is not one that will last and not one that is eminently useful. The Englishman can do his own growling, and does not want it repeated through a megaphone. Nor does he want general maxims from preachers in easy circumstances out of the struggle which he is carrying on. He cannot make points and manage adjectives with the skill of a professional scribe, but he has as good an

idea of his duty—perhaps a better; and when the writing moralist is gloating over his eloquent appeal, he may be receiving the sort of regard which working mothers pay to a spinster who lectures them on their babies. Cleverness in these days is as common as dirt. The Englishman has always suspected it, and we think that he is right. He does not like lawyers because he knows that it is their trade to make the worse appear the better reason. He does not like the reticence and official evasions which are more or less necessary or common in politics. He is not moved by epigrams. He wants the plain truth, and he feels that when all the moralists, politicians, and prophets have had their say he has not got so much of it as it is his right to know. It is his right because he is not going to be flustered. He is no child, to be fed with pills concealed in jam. He is steadier and braver than his representatives, stronger than his self-appointed lecturers. He is a little stupid and slow at taking in ideas, but this very “tardiness in nature” is preferable in a crisis to that highly nervous quickness which leads so easily to rash judgment, excitement, exasperation, hysteria. People nowadays seem to ignore the fact that judgment is much more important than cleverness, and that the most theatrical man is not necessarily the most effective. As a rule, indeed, he is ineffective, like steam from a boiling pan. The greatest things in Nature—gestation, growth and evolution—make no noise in their unceasing business.

We have lost, alas! the great administrator whose calm reticence and immense work appealed so strongly to the nation, and, taken as a whole, our rulers lack the quiet self-confidence which is a main feature of the English character. Fearful of themselves, of the Press, and of the English people, they are always explaining. They do

not inspire confidence, for they do not seem to act as if they had confidence behind them. Daily they get farther from the real feelings and opinions of the nation. For the nation, whatever its deficiencies in brain—no one doubts its driving  
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power—has not learned “to dodge and palter” with vital issues; and that is the main occupation of a good many politicians, not merely in the usual strife of peace, but also among the uncertainties of war.

## ON CONSULTING THE DICTIONARY.

At seventeen one does it by stealth, ashamed of being ignorant of anything; at twenty-seven and forever after, if one is sincere, one keeps one's dictionary at one's elbow and lets pass no occasion of consulting it. The young monarch disdains advice and rules with only his magnificent desire for the right to guide him; the mature despot discovers that what is wrong with himself and everyone else is lack of knowledge or judgment, and slowly he realizes that the scarred and dowdy counselor, whose painful methods and apparently childish reasoning and reiteration repelled his fresh, joyous spirit, is his indispensable choice. Being a Queen, she makes Leicester and Raleigh stand in her presence, but calls for a chair for Burleigh; being a King, he accepts Pitt and victory with reluctance and tears.

This is a counselor that inevitably grows on his master. If one has the habit of consulting the dictionary, he is even inclined, in the midst of conversation with a friend or an acquaintance, to reach for it in order to get the exact meaning of a word that has raised doubts in his mind. This is a compliment to a tried friend because it adds the confidential thoughts of a third, but it may appear to a visitor or a casual acquaintance to be merely bad manners, interrupting the attention that he considers his due as a guest; accordingly it is necessary at times to hesitate and consider whether Smith is to go away thinking his host ill-bred, or whether, by the act of introducing

him to your dictionary, he is to be sacramentally admitted to friendship.

The love of books is intensest in youth and almost invariably cools with the passage of winters, but the love of words is a mild passion that is seldom present in youth and seldom absent in maturity and age. There is a year in the life of all intelligent men and reading women when they make up their minds that they must have a dictionary. In the case of the humble-minded it may be eighteen, and the proud may fight against his necessity till he is thirty, but in the end he surrenders and loves it the better when he finally realizes that he did not know all its heart by reading and by common conversation.

One can do without an encyclopædia; the persuasive advertisements prove it. But in the long run one cannot be without a dictionary; not in the big bookcase but in the revolving one, or in the small bookcase by the side of one's chair. Who ever saw a flamboyant advertisement of a dictionary? If it is advertised at all, there is no inducement to purchase, nothing insidious in the description, no argument showing that you require to be cajoled. The thing is described and you buy it or you stick to your well-thumbed friend, as you will. I am not a disciple of the big, many-volumed dictionary. Neither purse nor bookcase has the dimensions that match folios: the article I cherish is a three-and-sixpenny thing that is little and good, comparatively little and really good. It is no trouble to handle,

just the right weight and size to throw at anyone. This is a test that no book lover would hastily apply, but it occurs reasonably enough. If a volume is too light to hurl with effect, it is not ponderous enough for a dictionary; if you have to lift it with both hands, it is a work of reference rather than a book, and the trouble of getting up often from a chair in order to pay homage to it at its own shelf is enough to generate in time the disregard which is the second greatest insult that can be rendered to a book.

While the publisher does not make any personal appeal to you to purchase, he is wary in regard to some points. In his eyes the age of a dictionary is as important a matter to the possible purchaser as the age of a lady who thinks of matrimony is to herself. Accordingly the year of birth of my dictionary is not told, but as it appears from a short preface that it is based on a larger edition of 1898, it cannot yet be too old for marriage with a true mind. Thousands of words have been added to the language since it appeared, however, and possibly scores have really died, though nothing in creation dies as slowly and silently and obscurely as a living word. The speed at which important events develop is indicated by the fact that such words as *aeroplane*, *aerodrome*, *dirigible*, and all that series, *agar-agar*, *aspirin*, *chassis*, *rag-time*, and *teddy-bear* are to be found in an appendix. There is already room for another large appendix in which a multitude of such words as *butter-ticket*, *meat-days*, *poilu*, *Anzac*, and such phrases as "*William the Weed*" and "*scrap of paper*" will require to be defined. Some words such as *frightfulness*, *bulletin*, *non-combatant*, *neutral*, and *culture*, or rather, *Kultur*, will as certainly require redefinition.

Occasionally I find omissions, sometimes of quite common words, and I take pleasure in writing them neatly

in the margin. Perhaps there is more satisfaction in finding the dictionary lacking than there would have been in finding the desired word in its place; in any case it serves small purpose to make these rubrics, but the inclination is irresistible. It is the only one of my books that I feel free to marginize. Talking of faults recalls the anger of the autocratic Scottish parson who, when his meanings were disputed by reference to the first of dictionary-makers, asked his argumentative parishioner the despotic question: "*Am I not as good an authority as Dr. Johnson?*" This was merely an extreme way of expressing dissatisfaction with one definition or accent. How often we are inclined to rebel against our own dictionary, even though consultation of half-a-dozen others corroborates it! As a small instance of this may be adduced the pronunciation of the word "*curlew*." My dictionary gives the accent as falling on the former syllable. I disagree with this both because I have always heard the accent placed on the latter syllable, and because this accent far better reproduces the phonetics of the cry.

On what principle do dictionary-makers provide illustrations? I find pictures of the most simple things, and have puzzled for a long time over intricate definitions that would have been much clearer if there had been a design to serve as illustration. I suspect that there is a tradition in these things. Dictionary-makers are probably human beings, and remember the fascination that the quaint pictures of old-fashioned dictionaries provided for their own childhood, for that these pictures are added for the attraction and delectation of children I have little doubt. Witness the pictures in my dictionary of an *abacus* (that is the counting-frame), a *poleaxe*, *ratlines*, a *retort*, a *belaying-pin*, a *sextant*, the *sheepshank knot*—what boy has not

marveled at the number and beauty of sailors' knots?—a Highland target, a cutter, and many other boyish delights.

The grim humor to which Dr. Johnson gave full rein in his dictionary is in my volume only to be discovered in one instance. Hackwork is defined as "literary drudgery for which a person is hired by a publisher, as making dictionaries, etc." So the compiler on a sunny morning looked out of his window at the high scurrying clouds, smiled at the unimportance of all things done indoors, and turned again to his task.

One of the pleasantest uses of the dictionary is to dip into it without aim except to discover and enjoy new words and meanings, as the elder Pitt was accustomed to do while preparing a speech. If one does this while suffering from depression or from some obscure pain, it is astonishing how malignant the dictionary becomes. It desires our company only when we are at ease. When we are troubled it drives us away, or distresses us by directing our eyes almost entirely to definitions of disease, obscure words that in our moments of comfort might have no existence, so little are we capable of perceiving them. On occasion one opens the dictionary in quest of interesting words, and succeeds in discovering nothing of permanent interest. On other occasions the finds are abundant. On a single page, for instance, I have found these enticing words with which I have hitherto been quite unfamiliar:—

*ruelle*—the space between the bed and the wall.

*ruff*—the act of trumping when one has none of a suit left.

*ruddoc*—the redbreast, a word of Spenser's and Shakespeare's.

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*rudenture*—the figure of a rope with which the flutings of columns are sometimes filled.

*rudge*—a provincial word for a partridge. Probably Partridge and Rudge, as in Barnaby Rudge, have the same significance as a surname.

The appendices are full of interest. The More (why more?) Common English Christian Names are given in one of these. The first column includes Aaron, Abiathar, Abigail, Abihu, Abijah, Abner, Absalom and Amaziah. This is a staggering survey of the more common English Christian names, especially when one finds that there is a separate appendix devoted entirely to Scripture Proper Names, in which Aaron and Abner do not appear, though the others do. One of my pleasantest recollections is the pronunciation by a Cumberland family of girls of the name of their four-year-old sister Abigail. I was taught to pronounce that name Abbigal, a fearful cacophony. They were continually shouting A-bikl, as nearly as possible a word of two syllables, almost disjoined and with a very long *a*. With that pronunciation the name became one of the pleasantest imaginable.

A whim of the dictionary's is to attract the eye to some new word when one opens it in search of the accent or meaning of another. On occasion one indulges this whim of a tried friend so far that one ends up by forgetting the word that one is in pursuit of, and has to ferret it out of the backwoods of the brain again. Recognition of such small perversities in inanimate things is more than a fancy.

A. S.

## SIGNALING BETWEEN ANIMALS.

"Oh, mummy," the little boy exclaimed, in high excitement, "look, there's a rabbit." "Oh, no, dear,"

replied the mother, in fond rebuke, because it was a place where rabbits seemed improbable, and because she



had not quite the keen vision of her son. "I think that's only imagination." There followed a little pause, during which the boy was thinking, and then he asked, "Mummy, are all imaginations white behind?"

The story stops there. Presumably the mother replied that there was a large variety in the color of imaginations, but we are not told. It is curious, however, considering the variety of Nature, no less than of imaginations, how often we see this singular trick of coloring repeated, the patch of vivid white under the modest brown of the tail, and seeing it thus often we are almost compelled to the speculation of its design, for it is scarcely possible to suppose that Nature would play this particular freak so often unless with some special design. It is needless to say that this is a hopelessly unscientific and non-modern way of speaking of it all. In the language of evolution we do not talk of Nature playing tricks, or of design; the way we are taught to think and speak of those happenings now is that creatures which have accidentally varied in any useful line of form or color have proved better able to survive, and so their type has become established. No doubt this again is imagination in the first place, scientific imagination forming a hypothesis which is found constantly confirmed and fortified until accumulated evidence lifts it out of the hypothetical category, and we may regard it as demonstrable fact. It really does need a little exercise of the imagination to realize in what way a white scut is a valuable color spot for the species, but we see it not only in our own familiar hares and rabbits, but in very many of the deer tribe, so we shall scarcely suppose it valueless. If you should happen to be in a rabbit warren, when the little beasts are sitting at the mouths of their burrows, and a far-off gun shot should sound—even a bursting tire or a sudden thunder-

clap will produce the like effect—you may be astonished by the multitude of the unsuspected rabbits that appear and disappear—"visible only in the act of vanishing"—as they start from their feeding and dive down their earth with a flick of their white flag of a tail. It is quite a revelation. The hue of the upper sides of the coney, gray-brown, is very protective, very unobtrusive. It may lie still while its enemies pass close beside it or flit overhead, without betraying itself, but the moment it begins to move, this white scut "gives it away." Very seldom will such betrayal be fatal, for the bunny is a cautious little beast, and does not travel far from his burrow. A hop, skip, and jump are enough to take him down it, and there is not much time or chance for an enemy to pounce on him, thus swiftly moving, in this moment of time and in this brief space. As for enemies such as man, who will send a ferret down after him into those depths, or as for the ferret's little cousin, the stoat, which will follow him there all on its own account, there is no defense against them in any color scheme, whether grave or gay. Of course, the imagination has no difficulty in understanding the design of the grave color—the gray dun of the upper fur—the only puzzle is presented by the white flag which advertises the rabbit's presence. What need has the rabbit of such advertisement; how is the flag of use to him? The suggested answer, which has received general assent, is that though invisibility is a useful thing in the enemies' presence, it is, on the contrary, an undesirable quality and a positive disadvantage when friends and lovers are to be expected. They should have some signal by which they may recognize each other afar off, and it is just this service, as has been conjectured, which is rendered by the hoisting of the white flag. The animals that live in

herds and flocks take much of their information, for their self-preservation, from each other. It is not to be thought that there is much signaling with the tail on the part of our own deer of the moorland and mountains, but any of us who are used to the great sport of stalking them know well how quickly information is spread from one to all the herd if only the youngest hind in the company lifts her head and gazes in one direction as if she saw there or suspected some object which threatened peril to herself and all her kin. It cannot be insisted on too often, for the right understanding of the psychology of the animals which do not reason, and of the motives of their acts, that not for a moment is it to be supposed that there is any conscious motive of giving alarm on the part of the signaler. She gazes because she suspects danger, and, seeing her action, the others, having learned by the inherited observation of countless generations to associate such fixed gazing of another with a menace to the common safety, gaze also, trying to discern whether with her, too, it is "imagination." Thus the red-deer, as well as most of the beasts and birds that are gregarious, accept hints one from another as to dangers or other causes of emotion which one of them may see or scent or hear. With them the signal is not delivered by any wave of the white flag. But when we consider the case of the antelope on the big level plains, or even our own native bunny in his warren, we have to realize that the white flag is the signal-giver, just because it is so conspicuous, and because it is discovered chiefly in the moment of alarm. At that moment tails, as well as heads, go up, and when the alarm has become so acute as to set the antelope in quick movement, or the bunny at the gallop to his earth, the flag makes undulatory movements that no other animal of the same species, and therefore skilled in

*The Westminster Gazette.*

Morse signaling of this kind, can possibly misinterpret. If this were a flag which was kept always flying, whether in use for this signaling or not, it is evident that it would be a heavy handicap on its wearer in the struggle for life, for it would announce its owner's presence to those beasts and birds of prey from which it is all-important for its preservation, and the chief purpose of protective coloration, that it should be concealed.

If you consider for a moment the general color scheme of animals you will realize that with very few exceptions they are far lighter in color below, and in the parts hidden from usual observation, than on the back, the top of the head, and so on, which are the most visible portions. Presumably white hair is the most economical. We may suppose that it costs less effort on the part of Nature than any color, because it is white by simple reason of the absence of the pigment cells. For creatures which are comparatively defenseless and have formidable enemies it is of the first importance that they should not be too conspicuous when they are at rest. On the other hand, it is of positive value to them to have the bright color for the attraction of their friends and lovers. Therefore we find a brilliancy in the upper coloring of the wings of butterflies, which yet, when they come to the natural pose of rest, with wings set close together, show an under-side matching admirably with their surroundings. The gaudy orange tip rests, for preference, on the flower of the hemlock or wild parsley, where the mottled white and green of the under-sides of the wings makes it scarcely visible. The gold of the yellow under-wing, or the gorgeous crimson of the crimson under-wing, are gaudily conspicuous in flight. At rest the over-wings cover this bravery with a drab shield, beneath which not even the great round eye of the owl can espy them.

*Horace Hutchinson.*

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The present generation of Americans is scarcely better informed in regard to the Old Testament than if it had never been translated into English and Miss Margaret Howard's "Truly Stories from the Surely Bible" will possess the charm of novelty to hundreds of the little folk always clamorous for stories. Its title is a phrase used by a child who demanded something better than the paraphrases devised by well-meaning editors, and it tells of Noah, Joseph, Moses, Elijah, Elisha, Daniel, and Jonah, in the words of the King James version with some abridgment but no additions. The definitions of a few words and the pronunciation of proper names are taken from Webster and the International Bible Dictionary, and are set at the foot of the page. There seems to be no good reason why the volume should not be used in schools, and its type is so large and plain that many an aged reader will find it an agreeable substitute for the heavy "family" editions, and the tiny portable volumes used in church. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co.

"A History of the Third French Republic," by C. H. C. Wright, professor of the French language and literature at Harvard, is a straightforward, well-proportioned account of the troubled course of French politics since 1870. The development of institutions and the causes of the rise and fall of cabinets receive the fullest treatment; foreign relations are rather relegated to the background. It is essentially political,—the history of a government, not of a people. Since the war, every book dealing with any of the belligerents has been open to suspicion; Professor Wright has not allowed partisanship to intrude among his facts. His France is the old familiar France of vanity, boastfulness, ambition, cor-

ruption, suicide, murder, and anarchy, the France of Bazaine, Boulanger, Dreyfus, and Mme. Caillaux. Only a page or two at the end points to the France which, in August, 1914, cast off these tattered garments and appeared before the world in new armor. The book is illustrated with portraits of Gambetta, Thiers, Carnot, Picquart and others; and contains a short bibliography and an index of names and places. Houghton Mifflin Company.

In his Introduction to "Chicago Poems," by Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters remarks that they are "high explosives" and therein the man from Spoon River speaks well; for the poet is volcanic. He offers a book of verses like an old-fashioned Fourth-of-July exhibition. It bangs all the day and whizzes with fire all night, it is never dropped to the level of the ordinary, it talks in superlatives—and it is very well done. The vocabulary is fresh and slangy; the imagination virile and vivid; the metres absent. This is *vers libre* up-to-date and at its ruggedest. But Chicago Poems, when they cease preaching for the proletariat and against "the big-wigs," can rise to a high level of song.

"Desolate and lone  
All night long on the lake  
Where fog trails and mist creeps,  
The whistle of a boat  
Calls and cries unendingly,  
Like some lost child  
In tears and trouble  
Hunting the harbor's breast  
And the harbor's eyes."

Henry Holt and Company.

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams's "The Unspeakable Perk" is a sprightly little tale of the blue Caribbean and the deeds of those living along its shores and navigating its waters. First comes

the motley assemblage of mixed blood, Indian and African; then the Spaniards whom they hate; and then the German, Dutch and English, and citizens of the United States, Northern and Southern. The Unspeakable represents the former, and Mr. Fairfax Preston Fitzhugh Carroll the latter, and all the white men are devoted to the heroine, a really fascinating girl, pretty, well-bred, adroit, and witty. Under these circumstances, the action is lively and the talk animated and amusing even during the progress of the attempted revolution recurrent in all Spanish-American communities. Even Elder Brewster's little fall from grace becomes funny in the hands of Mr. Adams, and any person to whom a young woman cries in staccato accents, "Oh! isn't it funny!" waving a book emblazoned with the portrait of a goggle-wearing young man may be sure that she means "The Unspeakable Perk." Houghton Mifflin Company.

Americans are accustomed to regard their English brethren, and especially English boys, as far less self-conscious than themselves, but Mr. Eden Phillpotts sees otherwise, and his "The Human Boy and the War" portrays a group of young gentlemen who never for a single instant cease to contemplate themselves, and to muse upon the effect which they are producing upon their neighbors, not to say upon the solar system. They attend Merivale School, Mitchell, Fortescue, Wundt, Norris, Booth, the Percies, Major, Minor and Minimus, Pratt, the revengeful, Bradwell, who is six feet tall and mysteriously disappears; Cornwallis, Travers, Thwaites and the rest, and each, in his own ponderous opinion, is the center of the universe and profoundly meditates upon the effect which he is producing upon it. Wicked persons, who refuse to take future dignitaries of the Church seriously, and smile when they read of

the good Rugbeian who according to Thomas Hughes decided to give up study for the current term, and "devote himself to the improvement of the school," will find the boys drawn by Mr. Phillpotts as solemn, if not quite as virtuous as he. These youngsters are cousins, not brothers of Tom Bailey and Pepper Whitecomb, and when they have reason to think that their German schoolmate is doing his best to be a spy, they promptly take legal measures to nip him in the bud, instead of ridiculing him. "The Fight" is a perfect chapter, setting forth a contest of immense gravity and moment, without a touch of imitating any of the "mills" recorded in earlier epics. The chapter reporting the affair of "The Prize Poem" contains some excellent examples of the effect produced upon the youthful mind by the cubists and futurists and other bards of perversity, but not one of the thirteen chapters should be neglected. Here is the Englishman of the future, as seen by one who has studied his countrymen for many years and knows them well. The Macmillan Company.

The modern American book tends more and more to elude the reviewer who would put a drop of ink on its tail and then exhibit it to his public neatly caged within a hundred words. It exhibits an increasing distrust of the precise formula, logically expounded, realizing at last that the thing of first importance is to understand one's problem thoroughly and state it in the proper terms. "The Next Step in Democracy," by R. W. Sellars, assistant professor of philosophy in the University of Michigan, holds to the new tradition. Ostensibly it deals with socialism; practically it is a picture of the slow progress of that vast and infinitely complex organism known as society toward an infinitely remote perfection,—a picture cunningly designed to make this notion of

progress attractive to the reader. Professor Sellars divests socialism of its formalistic and bureaucratic terrors and presents it as "a movement rather than a vision of an ideal state . . . a ferment within society, forcing society to progress toward a fuller democracy." He strips contentment with our present state to its core of smug selfishness and uncritical complacency. He points out the necessity of thinking in terms of society rather than of the isolated individual, if we are to think clearly and accurately, yet reiterates again and again that the goal of the modern socialist is the development of the individual personality and the attainment of greater freedom for each and all. The book is undogmatic, pleasantly discursive, and sweetened by a fine faith in democracy. It is a book alike for those who have become discouraged in the welter of reform and those whom its waves have not yet touched. It is one of those signs which come so frequently from the West and the Middle West to renew confidence in the future of America. The Macmillan Co.

Authors are rapidly redistricting New York's Other Half. For years its literary precincts were mapped out along strictly racial lines,—one race to a book, and often only one race to an author. But our modern fictional units are the harbor, the department store, and the skyscraper; and now Florence Olmstead has introduced us, in "Father Bernard's Parish," to still another, not the Church, as the title indicates, but the Block. The existence of the blocks as a distinct community is seldom suspected by the casual visitor, or even by the permanent resident who can afford more exclusive apartments; but here we see its jumble of races being knit together by the perpetual struggle to make a living, by the need of meat and soda water and

cough drops, by the limitations of poverty and of narrow horizons, and even by the adhesive force of racial jealousies and personal animosities. Through this particular block sweep the stormy love affairs of Tim Halligan and that Polish reincarnation of Carmen, Lena Schramin, with the idyl of Tim's sister Annie and the young man in the drug-store for contrast, as beautiful and as gentle as if its setting were some Ægean isle. And through it passes Father Bernard, wisely touching a life here and there. Tongues and fists flash easily; speech is witty, vindictive, boastful, or merely cheap; but one never loses the sense of a warm, full-bodied humanity beneath, and of a racial fibre that a new nationality has merely varnished over. And on every page one feels the unmistakable undertone of New York. It is particularly refreshing to have New York presented as an undertone instead of as a melody for the steam calliope. Charles Scribner's Sons.

In "The German Republic" (E. P. Dutton & Company) Walter Wellman, well-known as a journalist and explorer, makes an attempt to forecast what may happen after the great war. He pays tribute to the unity and patriotism manifested by the German people at the beginning of the war, and through a large part of the period of its duration; traces their gradual awakening to the deceptions practised upon them by the ruling and military classes; and records, as if it were actual history, the forms which their protests took and the national reorganization which resulted peacefully. At present, all this seems a dream, but there are some forces already in view which appear to be working along the lines which Mr. Wellman indicates. There are signs, at least, of a growing impatience among the Germans with the headstrong and reckless course taken by their rulers.